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MODERN YIDDISH POETRY

Samuel L. Imber

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AN ANTHOLOGY

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EDITED BY

SAMUEL J. IMBER

NEW YORK
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1927

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TO MY WIFE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor wishes to express hearty thanks to all those whose aid has been essential in the preparation of this book.

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Mr. M. Licht, Miss Evelyn Markun and the editor are responsible for the English rendition of the poems.

For kind co-operation in translating a small number of poems thanks are due also to Mr. H. Drimmer, Dr. L. M. Herbert, Dr. David Klein, Mrs. Rose K. Margoshes, Mr. A. Nissenson, Mr. H. Rosenfeld, Miss Marie Syrkin and Mr. J. Tvorkoff.

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of the present book is to offer to those uninformed or misinformed a glimpse of the modern poetical works of Yiddish literature, a literature hidden from them by the barriers of the Hebrew alphabet and by the slight strangeness of the misjudged language of the ghetto.

Jewish life in almost all the main centers of the exile is intimately interwoven with the Yiddish language and literature. These have played a most important part in the preservation of Jewishness during many a dark century of stagnation, and also in the unparalleled process of rejuvenation in the last few decades. On the part of those who claim some kind of relationship with the movement of Jewish political or cultural renaissance, ignorance of that language and indifference to the literary treasures stored up in it must be regarded as an inexcusable mistake.

However, the authoritative circles in the Jewish national ranks of our days regard that Cinderella among languages with indifference, if not con-

tempt. Their attitude being such, there is no wonder that strangers or estranged Jews are little interested and poorly informed regarding things Yiddish.

And yet, the origin of the Yiddish language and the rise of a literature in it, is one of the greatest wonders in the history of the Jewish people.

After more than a dozen of centuries of world-wide dispersion, during which the Jews adopted different languages and co-operated in the up-building of many a literature, there sprang up in the dark, mediaeval German ghetto the first roots of that new vernacular. Born of a strange mixture of middle-high German and ancient Hebrew, the young dialect became the intimate language of the ghetto, and the faithful companion of its children in their different havens of refuge after their persecution in Germany. In it all the fervent emotions of the Jewish soul in exile found the most vivid expression. Into "Ivri-Teitsch" (Hebrew-German), as it was called for a long time, there found their way translated extracts

from prayer books and religious treatises, wonder tales of foreign origin as well as tales conceived in the imagination of, mostly unnamed, dreamers of the ghetto, folk songs of much softness and grace, proverbs of pungency and wisdom, and also works of art, clumsy and uncertain at first, yet gaining in skill and vigor in the course of time.

And when the dweller of the ghetto awoke at the dawn of a new era, when, as if by magic, the flower of a new renaissance blossomed in the shadow of the ghetto's walls, its language soon gave resonance to the new ideas. The erstwhile "Hebrew-German", now more frequently called "Mame-Loschen" (Mother Tongue), proved a very useful mouthpiece for the hopes, desires and struggles of the rising generation. First the wave of the "Haskalah", that movement of intellectual emancipation among the Jewish masses, then the sweeping call to the blue and white banner of New Palestinism, and finally the rustle of the flaming flag of Socialism reached Yiddish literature and helped to broaden its horizon and give it a more lively style.

Since then the ancient Jewish people has followed with confidence the bold, unhesitating steps of Yiddish literature, like an aged exiled king who follows his young, devoted page over the wearisome roads of the wide world. Today the Yiddish language, scarcely 500 years old, is already endowed with the finest nuances of very ancient tongues. The artistically worthwhile Yiddish writing, dating back not over half a century, is already reaching the level attained by the other literatures of the modern world. In view of the fact that a tremendous part of Jewish literary creation is unceasingly devoted to foreign fields and that a considerable number of Jewish writers are active at the upbuilding of a rejuvenated Hebrew literature, the unchecked growth of Yiddish letters is nothing short of miraculous. At present this literature is ripe enough to demand its rightful place among the acknowledged literatures of our times and to deserve the attention of any friend of art.

Such attempts have already been made, but most of them with little result. Quite a large

number of translations from the Yiddish have been published in various English magazines and even in separate volumes—yet they have failed to create an enduring interest in wider circles. Perhaps their failure was due to the prevalent prejudice against Yiddish. The main cause of it, however, seems to lie in the unsuitable choice of the translated works. The aim of the translators and editors has usually been to select such works as reflect some peculiarities of Jewish life and customs, some specific twists of the Jewish mind, some characteristic bend of the Jewish soul. At best they considered works of a pronounced nationalistic character. Unfortunately the latter kind of our literary creations, despite the intensity of feelings and sincerity of expression, was, until recently, almost constantly lacking in the charm of craftsmanship. Although of immense value in awakening deeply buried sentiments and thus aiding in our renaissance, they had little in common with pure art. As to the creations of the other kind, those revealing Jewish peculiarities, even if they represent greater artistic accomplishment, they are mostly ineffective in translation

because of the strangeness of their spiritual world and the intricacy of their locutions. Such creations may for a while attract the curious reader, yet in the long run they are apt to repel him as something basically strange.

Yet, curiously enough, these two kinds, the typical nationalistic pseudo-art of our earlier authors and the typical folkloristic genre-art, have hitherto been the chosen favorites with all those who have undertaken to familiarize the world with samples of Yiddish literature.

It is the aim of the present anthology for the first time to present Yiddish writing from a different angle. The Yiddish poet will here be shown not as solitary traveler, but as good comrade in the universal march of the world's art. Not to roads upon which we are either leading humanity or being trampled upon by it shall attention be drawn in this book, but to roads upon which we meet modernity and ably accompany it. Art is the guiding principle in this book and the Yiddish poet as part and parcel of the modern artistic family is its main object. It will be easy to per-

ceive, that the Yiddish poetical voice, as represented here, is in no greater degree divergent from the others than any of the well known and recognized voices of nations in the universal concert of modern poetry.

Only half a century ago the standard of the Yiddish literature and especially that of the poetry was such as not to permit any comparison with European art. Until then Yiddish art could boast of but a very limited scope and little technical skill. Its narrative seldom rose above the level of local interest while the poetry lacked finish. While other literatures basked in the rays of an illustrious art of numerous masters, the Yiddish Muse still was crawling helplessly in the dim corners of the ghetto. And even after other fields of the Yiddish literature have at last succeeded in producing some more substantial work, the purely poetical expression of the ghetto and its language was doomed for some time yet to remain in a state of pitiful neglect.

Not till the last decades of the nineteenth century did Yiddish literary workmanship im-

prove. Jitzchok Leib Peretz, the father of modern Yiddish narrative prose, who also laid the foundations for the modern artistic drama in the Yiddish language, became the saviour of the Yiddish Muse.

Himself a poet of only moderate significance, surely not a greater poet than his contemporaries Frug and Frischman, he was nevertheless the first universal mind in Yiddish literature and as such the first to grasp the wider requirements of universal art without being deterred by its harder tasks.

Like Frug, the talented Russian poet, who came back to the language of the ghetto only to become desperate over his inability to spread wings in it, Peretz also had to go through his hard time of struggle with the "Jargon". In sheer disappointment he complains in one of his earlier poems:

"Andersch wolt mein Lied geklungen,
Ch'soll far Gojim Gojisch singen,
Nischt far Jiden, nischt Jargon —
S'hot kein rechten Klang, kein Ton . . . "

(*Quite differenty would sound my song, were I to sing it for Gentiles in a Gentile language and not for Jews in their jargon, that has no proper sound or tone . . .*)

Yet unlike Frug and unlike most of his contemporaries Peretz did not leave it at that. At first disappointed and depressed, he soon stirred all his brilliant faculties and gradually came to realize that it is quite possible to melt those jarring tones of the language of the poor and forsaken and mould them into the softest melodies. Only it takes real talent and great love for the language to perform such a miraculous change.

Peretz possessed the first and acquired the second.

Although his real mastery lay in short story writing, he nevertheless proved a most useful worker in almost every other field of literary production. And even if he did not succeed in creating masterpieces in drama, essay, or poetry, yet his great talent, his noble mind, his ardent inspiration has dug deep furrows in all these fields and left imperishable seed for a plentiful harvest to come. For many a decade this gigantic figure stood watch over Yiddish literature, an impersonation of its conscience, a driving power for its development, a severe critic of its foibles, an enthusiastic protector of its progeny.

The earliest stars on the broadened literary horizon were Yehoiosch, Rosenfeld, Reisen and Ljessin. They brought into the Yiddish poetry an atmosphere of finer art, a variety of themes and motifs, and, above all, a tender care for the language of their song. It being an epoch of newly awakened national feelings among the Jewish masses and of revolutionary fermentations among the masses of the Russian empire, that generation living mainly in Russia or hailing from there, naturally was subject to those potent tendencies. For quite a while echoes of Frug's nationalistic wailings are heard in the songs of L. Jaffe, M. Wirth and others. Peretz's passionate love for the poor and oppressed burns as an undying flame in the works of Reisen, while his revolutionary ardor flickers like sheet-lightning in the poems of Rosenfeld, who succeeded in becoming for some time the acknowledged mouthpiece of both Herzlian and Marxian sentiments. However, the great recognition he won was not fully justified by the purely artistic value of his works. The far less heralded art of Yehoiosch or Reisen was undoubtedly on a much higher level

and had far greater influence on the development of our poetry. The deepened subjectivity and finer lyricism by which their art is already considerably distinguished, become ever more characteristic in the works of their immediate followers, among whom poets like Schnejur, Fichman, Teitsch, and later Einhorn and Menachem brought many new notes into the poetical language of the ghetto.

For a while it looked as if the Russian Jewry were the exclusively privileged purveyor of talents for the rapidly modernizing Yiddish poetry. So far, with the exception of Wirth, who was a Galician, all of the prominent poets of that generation came from Russia. Yet soon other regions were to contribute their share to the upbuilding of the new art. In Galicia S. J. Imber and Jacob Mestel, influenced by the literatures of western Europe (in contrast to their Russian colleagues, who were mainly under the spell of earlier Russian poets), and in America J. Slonim, who was raised in the New World, were the first

successful "invaders" of the "restricted" dominion. From now on the whole trend of the Young Yiddish poetry is unmistakably towards a close union with the form and spirit of modern western art. The magnificent influence of Walt Whitman and Poe, of the French Parnassians and Impressionists, the vision of Nietzsche's Superman, the fascinating novelty of Arno Holz's literary innovations, the beauty of the Young Germany, all the fineness of the awakening new poetical era everywhere, reached at last the European and American ghettos. Soon the European group was enriched by Rawitsch, Kenigsberg and Grinberg, each of whom was destined to play his prominent part in the fundamental transformation of Yiddish poetry, while a much larger circle grew up in America, mainly through the emigration of many young poets to that country. Shortly before the outbreak of the war we find here already such poets as Halpern, Eisland, Leivick, Landau, Mani Leib and others jointly engaged in fierce artistic feuds with the "older" generation of Yiddish poets, and in quest of a new approach to a "Young" art. To the influence of modern European poetry has here

been added the deep impression made by American literature and life. Thus the song of these young poets in the New World in many instances outgrew the form and spirit of neoromanticism, prevalent in the works of the European group, and where that form and spirit still lingered, it added new strings to its harp.

One of the first, M. L. Halpern found himself far from the beaten track. With an unusually bold stroke he pierced the timeworn sheath of poetical sentimentalism, with the gale of his scornful laughter he shook the heavenly serenity of worm-eaten ideas, and hid his own tender dreams and visions behind the steel bars of wonderfully wrought impertinences. In his "weaker" moments, however, he comes back also with songs in which strongly pulsates the lifeblood of that kind of old poetry, which ever remains young and is never ashamed of its sentiments.

While Halpern attacked the shrines of conventionalism with deadly missiles, Landau, the ingenious and vivid virtuoso of the group, illuminated its pathways with rare artistic fireworks,

which retain much of the color of the neoromantic art.

American impressions find a euphonious echo in the poems of J. J. Schwarz, Slonim, Kissin and others, while in the verses of Mark Schweid a profound, deeply hurt romanticism looks disappointedly at American life, and in an utterly modern fashion gives vent to utterly old longings and sentiments.

Celia Drapkin, Fradel Stock, L. Miller, Menachem, B. Lapin, A. M. Dillon and many another gifted poet brought each his valuable gift to the many colored art of this remarkable group, and most accomplished expression is to be found in the tranquil, selfpossessed art of the less impetuous but more profound Ruben Eisland and Mani Leib.

Formally with the "Young", yet apart from them in spirit and endeavor, stands H. Leivick. Like Melech Rawitsch, the unruly son of the European poetical family, he is a mystic godseeker who combines ancient messianic ideas with the latest forms of artistic invention.

Introduction

During the war the Yiddish Muse was not silent. The Yiddish poets, many of whom took an active part in it, did not forsake their true vocation. Moreover, it may be said that the development of our modern poetry reached its height just during those dreary years. The European branch was enriched by the ripened works of Rawitsch, Kenigsberg, Grinberg, Neidus, Horowitz, Stern and others, while the American group mentioned above formed a worthy rival to it.

Even greater surprises awaited our poetry in the postwar years. On both sides of the Atlantic appeared several schools of new poets, each with its own eagerness in seeking new ways of expression, each with iconoclastic idiosyncracies, hitherto unknown in the ranks of the Yiddish poetry, each driving overzealously towards characteristic failures, yet each also with its own grain of new beauty and deftness. In Lodz arose the versatile Broderson's group "Jung Yiddisch", in Warsaw M. Rawitsch and N. Z. Grinberg, aided by Perez Markisch, launched a movement which had much in common with the fighting spirit of

some of the Americans, yet was augmented by a sharp and frequently even shrill note, influenced by revolutionary Russia. On Russian soil a group of Ukrainian Yiddish poets, after much mental and artistical struggle lent a highly impressive voice to the upheaval in which they participated. Hofstein, Kuschniroff, Kwitko and Markisch are poets of quite a new calibre in Yiddish literature. They not only had the courage thoroughly to remodel the Yiddish language and to give new expressiveness to the poetical word, but they succeeded also in refashioning their mind and freeing themselves from many an intimidating tradition in life as well as in letters.

At the same time in New York arose a poetical school of quite a different quality. Its adherents called themselves "Introspectivists", and their aim was to follow especially the method of minute self-analysis, and, instead of seeking their reflection in the surrounding world, to let the world reflect itself in them. A few members of that pretentious group, after they had condescended to strip the glistening harness and wash the warpaint from

their faces, revealed quite a reassuring countenance, and proved that they possessed, besides their excessive aggressiveness, also a considerable amount of true creative power. The master of chiselled form, A. Leyeles, the extremely fine singer Ludwig, the subtle artist Minkoff, and the ingeniously powerful Jacob Glatstein are the products of that school, the restrictive principles of which were luckily abandoned by them during their further development.

Somewhat of an offshoot of "Introspectivism", yet marked by a more intricate form of expression and less subject to the tyranny of predetermined rules, may be found in the group about M. Licht, S. Kurz and the former introspectivist Minkoff.

To those familiar with the many kinds of poetical schools in the leading literatures of our times the different shades of them will easily be discerned in those of the young Yiddish poetry. The dividing lines between them will be seen running in much the same curves and directions here as everywhere else. Here as in any other poetry they will also find many a talent in very

slight relationship to any group or school, and they undoubtedly will know, that such talents are usually far from being the less significant ones. Poets like Ber Horowitz, Kulbak, Stern, Ahron Zeitlin, Lutzky, Anna Margolin or Rolnik are sailing the high seas of our modern poetry under no special flag and safely reach the harbor of achievement, guided by no other compass than true artistry.

In following the guiding principle of this selection, the editor often had to omit works characteristic of certain authors, and, in a few cases, he even decided not to include works of well known poets, though their names necessarily had to be mentioned in the introductory note.

One or two groups of poets of little significance and poor accomplishment have been wholly excluded. Unlike most of modern anthologists, the present editor holds that examples of experimental attempts, unless crowned with satisfactory artistic accomplishment, should be avoided in publications addressed to the general reading public.

Introduction

This book has nothing to do with the recent movement looking toward the abolishment of the Hebrew alphabet in writing Yiddish. At any rate is the method of transliteration employed by the present editor, not suitable for such a purpose.

The transliteration of the Yiddish text in this book follows the general lines of the German spelling, with occasional necessary deviations.

Of the several kinds of Yiddish pronunciations, that of the Lithuanian Jewry is the most regularly shaped, and in its sound it comes nearest to German. Our transliteration is based upon that pronunciation. For the sake of easier intelligibility it seemed, however, advisable not to suppress an occasional innocuous touch of some pronunciation differing from the one generally followed.

The decision to give here a verbal translation instead of a poetical is due to the editor's desire to preserve the full meaning of the original text, which is hardly possible in versified translations.

S. J. I.

MODERN YIDDISH POETRY

J. ADLER

Zeit-Lied

Mir welen kein Koren, kein Weitz un kein
Gerschten
Nit hoben —
Die Felder, die breite, sei stehen in Griber
Zegroben.

Mir welen kein Schof un kein Rind oif dem
Feld mehr
Nit hoben —
Die Felder, sei sennen vernummen mit Mejssim
Un Roben.

Die Boimer, sei stehen beloden mit Eppel
Un Baren —
Sei welen asoi oif die Zweigen verfoilen,
Verdaren.

Die jungste, die kreftigste Menschen, sei stehen
In Flacker —
Nito wer s'soll sejen un flanzen un fihren
Dem Acker.

Die Felder, sei sennen vernummen mit Mejssim
Un Roben —
Mir welen kein Koren, kein Weitz un kein
Gerschten
Nit hoben.

SONG OF THE TIME

We shall have no corn, no wheat and no barley; the wide fields are dug into trenches.

We shall no longer have sheep and kine in the fields; the fields are covered with corpses and ravens.

The trees are laden with apples and pears; they will rot and wither on the branches.

The youngest, the mightiest men stand amidst flames, there is no one to sow and plant and lead the plough.

The fields are covered with corpses and ravens — we shall have no corn, no wheat and no barley.

B. ALKWIT

Dos Licht Vun Der Welt

Iber dem weiten Jam glitscht sich still dos Licht
vun der Welt.
Still. Blois —
A groiss bloi Schweigen herrscht iber der Welt.
Iber die Schichten,
Iber die Oizres verfroirene Stillkeit
Weint die Hand vun Beschaff.

Oif der ganzer Weit un Breit vun der stiller Erd
Liegt dos weisse Leib vun Froi.
Ariber alle schweigendige Roimen
Schoimt dos weisse Leib vun Froi.
Wie die Stafeten vun Umglick
Zeloifen sich ihre Wehen iber alle Wegen
vun der Welt.

Still. Blois —
A groiss schwer Schweigen settigt sich oif
der stiller Erd.
Iber die Schichten,
Iber die Oizres verfroirene Stillkeit
Ruht die Hand vun Beschaff.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Over the distant sea quietly glides the light of the world. Quiet. — — Only a great blue silence reigns over the world. Over the layers, over the treasures of frozen quiet the hand of Creation weeps.

Upon the entire distance and breadth of the silent Earth lies the white body of Woman. Beyond all silent spaces foams the white body of Woman. Like heralds of misfortune her woes overrun all the highways of the world.

Quiet. — — Only a great heavy silence sates itself on the quiet earth. Over the layers, over the treasures of frozen quiet the hand of Creation rests.

Owendland

Es rollen sich, rollen sich die weite, still
brennendige Reder vun Zeit.
Oif dem Rucken vun die Wegen
Gliht die roite Schoh.
Kein Hund, kein Wind, kein Mutter-Mensch.
Blois der Schoten vun Misrach
Steht wie a geler schweigendiger Schklav
Bei die offene Toieren vun der Welt.
Schotens vun der schwarzer Erd
Zucken oif wie weite Wander-Choren
Un ruhen in die Neplen.
Un still —
A Fajer-Fest far der Welt allein.
Un Maarew giesst mit roiten Wein
Oif Schweigen's weisser Fohn.

LAND O' DUSK

The distant, hushed, fiery wheels of time roll along, roll along. On the shoulders of the roads glows the scarlet hour. Not a dog, not a breeze, nor a mother's child. Only the shadow of the East stands guard like a yellow silent slave at the far flung gates of the world. Shadows of the black loam rise like distant wandering choruses and rest in the mists. And a hush — a fire-feast for the world alone. And the West pours red wine on the white banner of silence.

A. ALMI

Zu Dem Kleinem Mejdel

Zu dem kleinem Mejdel vun dem kleinem Posthois
Schreib ich ot die Werter:
Wenn du host vun mir dem Brief genummen
Un oif ihm aroifgelegt dem Stempel,
Un ich, an eilendiger, hob oif schnell
Aroisgemurmelt dir: "A Dank!" —
Hostu sicher nischt gewusst, as dos host du dem
Stempel
Vun der kleiner Sstanzje
Obgepresst oich oif mein Harz . . .

Un sicher hostu nischt gewusst,
As wenn dein Finger hot mein Hand berihrt
Be'ejs du host vun mir dem Brief genummen,
Is alz, wos is in jenem Brief gestannen
Geworen Ligen — Ligen.
Weil in jener Rege is dos ganze Bitternisch
Wos ch'hob areingeotemt in die Oissijes vun Brief
Arob vun Harz un sich verwandelt
In an umgehoier angenehm Gefihl . . .

Un sicher hostu nischt gewusst,
As ich, wos bin schoin, dacht sich, lang
Befreit gewen vun jingeldigen Sentiment,
Bin in jener misterjeser Rege
A Jingel a verliebts geworen,
Wos cholemt wachedigerheit
Vun a Mejdel's Oigen, Finger, Hoor.

TO THE LITTLE GIRL

I write these words to the little girl in the little post office: When you took the letter from me and stamped it, and I in haste quickly murmured: "Thank you" — you surely did not know that you had stamped the mark of that little station on my heart.

And surely you did not know that in the moment when your finger touched my hand while you took the letter, everything that had been written in that letter became lies — lies; for in that moment all the bitterness which I had breathed into the words of the letter fell from my heart and turned to a wonderfully pleasing feeling.

And surely you did not know that I, who, I thought, had long been free from boyish sentiment, became in that mysterious moment a boy in love again who dreams waking of a girl's eyes, fingers, hair.

Un itzter, as ich bin schoin asoi weit vun dir,
Is der Mittelpunkt vun der ganzer Erd —
Nein, vun dem ganzen Kosmos,
Mir geworen
Die kleine Sstanzje ergitz in Canada,
Wu es steht dos kleine Post-Hois,
Wu es sitzt dos kleine Mejdel,
Wos nemmt zu Brief vun eilendige Passagieren,
Wos stellen ob sich mit der Bahn oif Reges
Un verschwinden bald ahinter Wolkens Roich . . .

And now when I am far from you, the center of the whole world — no, of the whole universe — has become for me a small station somewhere in Canada, where there stands a small post office, wherein sits a little girl, who takes letters from hurrying passengers stopping awhile at the station and disappearing soon behind a cloud of smoke.

EFRAIM AUERBACH

Neies

In meine fieberdige Finger zappelt sich die Welt,
Ich bin a Netz vun Droten,
A Puls vun toisend Pulsen,
A Seismograf vun Welt's Gelaf.
In Misroch-Land geht oif in mir die Sunn,
In Maarew-Land vergeht in mir die Sunn,
Marocco sturemt meine Festungen,
An Uragan macht chorew meine twujedige Felder,
Oif Broome Street vergeh ich in Flammen,
Der schwarzer Hudson schleppt mich zu sein
Grund,
Die Welt zind ich in Fajer vun Meride,
Mit Brusten nackete, zewundigte,
Mit Oigen hungerige, Foisten flammige
Oif satte Welten geh ich —
In meine fieberdige Finger zappelt sich die Welt
Un ich in ihr — a finster Meschugaas.

Papieren stoibige un Penimer verroicherte,
Maschinen — klapendige Herzer,
Derworgene Gedanken oif Plejtzes fregendige,
Teiwolimlech in Oigen midige,
Un Finger springen wie oif Drotelech.
Der bleiener Mechabel oiben
Verschlingt die Oissijes in brennendigen Boich
Un speit sei ois in Schures, Schures.
Der Moilech vun Gefihlen werd nischt satt,

NEWS

In my feverish fingers the world writhes. I am a net of wire, a pulse of thousand pulses, a seismograph of world-quakes. In the East there rises in me the sun, in the West there sets in me the sun, Morocco storms fy fortresses, a hurricane devastates my harvest-fields, in Broome Street I perish in flames, the black Hudson drags me to its bottom, I kindle the world in the fire of decline; with naked heaving breasts, with hungry eyes, raging fists upon sated worlds I advance — — — In my feverish fingers the world convulses, and I within it — — a sullen sadness.

Dusty papers and sooty faces, machines — palpitating hearts, frustrated thoughts on questioning shoulders, imps in weary eyes, and fingers jerk as if on wires. The leaden Destroyer above swallows the letters in his burning belly and regurgitates them in lines, lines. The Moloch of emotions is unappeased. Me he will also gulp down

Er wet mich oich verschlingen
Un oisspeien in Schures bleiene,
Die Welt in meine Finger
Un ich in sudigen Boich vun Setz-Maschin.

Hot obgestellt die Welt sich plutzim,
Un meine Finger bleiben ruhen
Oif Klapperlech vun Schreibmaschin,
Zeworfene, vergliwerte.
Der Kopp sinkt bleiig oif'n Desk,
Die Droten-Netz werd Fliegen stechige,
Wos spreiten sich oif mir mit blinder Ruhigkeit,
Mit kalte, drobne Schpilkelech —
Un Moilech oiben reisst in sich dem Boich.
Sein Zoren setzt arois mit groien Roich,
Der Hunger krempft ihm die Gederem,
Vun seine Oigen kriechen roite Werem —
Un meine Finger
Oif Klapperlech vun Schreibmaschin,
Zeschpreite un vergliwerte.

and spit out in leaden lines, the world in my fingers and I in the seething belly of the press-machine.

Of a sudden the world paused and my fingers remain at rest on the keys of the typewriter, scattered, stiffened. The head sinks like lead upon the desk, the wire-net becomes like stinging flies that spread themselves upon me with blind repose, with tiny freezing pins — — — And Moloch above rips his belly within him. His fury exhales grey fumes, the hunger cramps his entrails, red worms crawl from his eyes — — — And my fingers on the keys of the typewriter, spread out and stiffened.

M. BASSIN

Die Dame Vun Amol

Broiner Stein — dos Hois,
Die Balkonen — bloi;
Dorten woint a Froi, a kleine, liebe Froi,
Lila is ihr Kleid,
Liebe — ihre Reid
Un Freid :
Bloie Ringelech oif Spiegel vun Krischtol . . .
O, Dame meine, Dame vun amol.

Lila-Seid dos Kleid
Un Weinbrokat die Schlepp,
Bloie Sstenges in die ringeldige Flachsen-Zepp,
Weisse Finger zwischen farbige Korallen-Schnir,
Weisse Messerlech in Harz far mir.
Un Reid:
Bloie Ringelech oif Spiegel vun Krischtol . . .
O, Dame meine, Dame vun amol.

Fajer-Fliegelech oif beide Seiten Brust;
Stumme Gwalden in die Falden —
Freid un Lust.
Runde Knie un roite schnireldige Schich,
Rose spielewdige Bender
Fihren zu der Liebe dich.
Un Reid :
Bloie Ringelech oif Spiegel vun Krischtol . . .
O, Dame meine, Dame vun amol.

THE LADY OF TIME A-GONE

Brownstone the house, the balconies blue; there lives a lady, a lovely little lady. Lilac is her gown, love her words and joy: blue ringlets on crystal mirrors. O lady mine, lady of time a-gone.

Lilac silk the gown and vine-brocade the trail; blue ribbons in the curly flaxen braids; white fingers among the coral strings — white little daggers in her heart for me. And words: blue ringlets on crystal mirrors. O lady mine, lady of time a-gone.

Fire-flies on either side of the breast: mute outcries in the folds — — joy and pleasure. Rounded knees and red ribboned slippers. Rosy playful ribands lead thee love-ward. And — words: blue ringlets on crystal mirrors. O lady mine, lady of time a-gone.

Die Barmherzige Schwester

Die weisse Schwester
Effent in der still die Tir
Un weht mit perfumirte Fliegel iber dir.
Die weisse Schwester
Glett mit kleine Hend dein brennendigen Steren.
Die gute Schwester
Will dos Klappen vun dein Harzen heren.
Die kleine Schwester
Hot ihr Kopp zu dir arobgeboigen :
Weisse Mirten arum dein Harz
Un bloie Meteoren var die Oigen.
Weisse lastschendige Ketzlech arum Hals
Un durchsichtige Glieder bei der Seit — —
Die Himmlen sennen nohent,
Die Steren sennen weit.

THE SISTER OF MERCY

The white sister quietly opens the door and fans over you with perfumed wings. The white sister smoothes your feverish brow with little hands. The good sister wants to hear the beating of your heart. The little sister bent her head to you; white myrtles about your heart and blue meteors before your eyes. White caressing kittens about your throat and transparent limbs at your side. The heavens are near, the stars are far away.

B. J. BIALOSTOCKI

Herbst

Frihmorgen kriecht arum a nacketer oif alle Vier,
Es schloft die Schwell vernebelt bei der Tir.

Boim arumgerissen, Hois lehmig, schwer,
Dos Kol vun Tate-Summer — nito schoin mehr.

Streckt oderdig Frihmorgen ois sein bleiche Hand,
Reisst a letztes Blatt — a Zudeck far sein
Nacketkeit un Schand.

S'is Herbst. Ois Sprotz, ois Flih; es eilt sich
nit die Sunn
Vun Wolken ois: Wos wet sie hoben denn dervun?

Is — kriecht Frihmorgen um a nacketer oif alle Vier
Un klebt sich zu der Schwell — a Mamser
bei der Tir.

AUTUMN

Dawn crawls about, naked, on all fours.
The threshold sleeps mistily at the door.

Tree tattered, house muddy, heavy. The
voice of Father Summer heard no more.

So dawn stretches its wan, veined hand;
tears a last leaf—a cover for its nakedness
and shame.

'Tis autumn. Naught sprouts, naught's
on the wing. The sun does not hasten to
break through clouds: What would it avail
her anyway?

So—dawn is crawling naked, on all fours,
and sticks to the threshold—a bastard at
the door.

M. BRODERSON

Es Hot Die Zeit Areingelacht . . .

Es hot die Zeit areingelacht in meine Oigen,
Asoi dem Kopp verwarfendig, asoi verzoigen,
Asoi vergehendig sich scharf un bitter,
As s'is mein Oig adurch a Blitzen-Zitter;
Un wie a Splitter vun dem hilchigen Gelechter
Hot mich adurchgestochen der Schigojen.
Ich hob derhert in sich a hintisch wildes Woien
Alz umderbaremdiger, wilder, schlechter :
"Wos — bin ich denn mein Bruder's Hiter?"
Un s'is arobgefallen vun der Hoich a Blitz — a
Strick
Zu wargen s'oisbehaltene, dos toite Glick . . .

TIME LAUGHED . . .

Time laughed into my eyes with head so thrown back, so tilted, with such biting and bitter chuckles that through my eye there passed a lightning tremor; and like a splinter of that ringing laughter, madness pierced me through and through.

I heard within me a wild dog-like whining growing ever more pitiless, savage, villainous: "Why! — am I my brother's keeper?" And from the heights swooped down a lightning-stroke — a rope to strangle the hidden withered happiness.

A. M. DILLON

Un Wenn Die Niedertrechtigkeit . . .

Un wenn die Niedertrechtigkeit dergreicht
die hechste Himmlen,
Doch singt vun ergitz wu arois Gerechtigkeit
un Freid;
Un wenn die Luft is ongesapt mit Nischtigkeit
un Gaaweh,
Doch herstu in der Still amol die oisderwehlte Reid.

Un wenn s'vertoibt die Erd die schreiendige
Falschkeit,
Doch schlogt a Harz antkegen dem Emess vun
der Welt;
Un wenn die Chutzpe schreit verscheit un
oisgelassen,
Presst doch die Stillkeit wer zum Schwell
vun dein Gezelt.

Mit dem Owendschein

Mit dem Owendschein in der Nacht arein,
Mit dem Morgenschein vun der Nacht arois.
Mit dem Owendschein wieg sich, Harz, un wieg,
Mit dem Morgenschein kling dein Freid arois.

Wie der Owendschein wer verloiren wu,
Wie der Morgenschein gefinn sich gleich zurick.
In dem Owendschein wer allein dein Troim,
In dem Morgenschein wer allein dein Glick.

AND THOUGH VILLAINY . . .

And though villainy reaches the upper firmament, yet from somewhere there sings righteousness and joy. And though the air be surfeited with nothingness and pride, you may yet at times discern the still, small voice.

And while the earth is deafened by loud-mouthed corruption, there is yet a heart that beats in harmony with earth's truth. And though arrogance shout in dissolute and wanton irruption, yet someone presses quietude to the threshold of your tent.

WITH THE EVENING GLOW

With the evening glow into the night, out of the night with the morning light. With the evening glow rock yourself, heart, and sway; with the morning light ring forth your joy.

Like evening glow vanish somewhere; find yourself again like the morning light. In the evening glow become your own dream, in the morning light become your own bliss.

CELIA DRAPKIN

Die Zircus-Dame

Ich bin a Zircus-Dame,
Un tanz zwischen Kinzshalen,
Wos sennen ongestellt oif der Arene
Mit die Spitzen aroif.
Mein boigsam-leichter Guf
Meidt ois dem Toit vun Fallen,
Berihrendig koim-koim die Scharf vun
die Kinzshalen.

Mit a verchapten Otem kuckt men oif mein Tanzen,
Un emitz bet dort far mir Gott.
Var meine Oigen glanzen
Die Spitzen in a fajerdigen Rod.
Un keiner weisst nit,
Wie mir willt sich fallen . . .

THE CIRCUS LADY

I am a circus lady and dance among daggers that are set on the arena with their points upward. Barely, barely touching the edge of the daggers, my flexible light body avoids death, that might be caused by falling.

With bated breath they view my dancing and someone there prays to God for me. Before my eyes the points glow in a fiery circle. And no one knows how I would like to fall. . . .

DAVID EINHORN

A Stiller Klapp In Tir . . .

A stiller Klapp in Tir, a zertlicher Gelechter,
A schemewdiger Kusch, a leichter Drick in Hand.
A Fensterel a kleins, a Boimele a junges,
A weiche Bank vun Gros, wos tuljet sich zum Wand.

A dunkelbloi Gewelb mit gingoldene Steren,
In Stillkeit vun der Nacht dos Summen vun a Grill.
A weiter Roisch, wos kummt zu schwimmen
vun dem Teichel,
A Wintele a stills, wos glitscht sich oif dem Gros.

Der Breg vun Horizont, wos hoibt schoin
on zu bleichen,
A weisser Tjul, wos hillt dos enge Gessel ein.
A letzter langer Kusch. A stiller Klapp in Loden.
Un nochdem weite Tritt, wos klingen ob
geheim — — —

Ich Beit Die Woinungen

Ich beit die Woinungen un beit die Erter,
Un wander, hoffendig, vun Land zu Land,
As treffen wel ich noch amol mein Jugend,
Un starben kuschendig ihr zarte Hand.

Es schwimmen toisender var mir Gesichter
In groissen, sturemdigen Menschentanz;

A QUIET TAP . . .

A quiet tap on the door, a gentle laughter, a sly kiss, a gentle pressing of the hand. A little window, a young tree, a soft couch of grass which nestles close to the wall.

A dark-blue sky with pale golden stars. In the stillness of the night the singing of a cricket. A distant murmur, that comes floating from the lake. A gentle breeze, that glides over the grass.

The edge of the horizon, that begins to pale; a white veil, that enwraps the lane. A last long kiss, a low tap on the shutter and after — distant steps, that resound mysteriously.

I CHANGE MY DWELLING PLACES

I change my dwelling places and change my haunts and wander from country to country, hoping that I shall yet meet my youth again and die kissing her gentle hand.

Thousands of faces pass before me in the great, stormy, human dance; the silent hope

Die stille Hoffenung — sie macht mich nichter,
Die tiefe Ruhigkeit — sie macht mich ganz.

Es liegt die Eibigkeit bei mir in Harzen
Un webt die Fedem vun mein alten Troim,
Un treist un winkt zu mir mit Steren weite,
Vun tiefen, nepeldigen Lebens-Thoim.

Ich weiss, es dremlen noch in seine Neplen
Die grine Inslen vun dem weiten Glick,
Un s'lebt an Oislejser far alle Menschen,
Wos wet noch umkehren mein Freid zurick.

Ich beit die Woinungen un beit die Erter,
Un wander, hoffending, vun Land zu Land,
As treffen wel ich noch amol mein Jugend,
Un starben kuschendig ihr zarte Hand.

makes me calm, the deep quietude makes me ripe.

Eternity lies in my heart and weaves the threads of my old dream, and comforts and winks to me with distant stars, from the deep, mist-veiled abyss of life.

I know, the green isles of the distant happiness are still dozing in its mists; and there lives a redeemer for all mankind that will yet restore my joy to me.

I change my dwelling places and change my haunts and wander from land to land, hoping that I will yet meet my youth again, and die kissing her gentle hand.

R. EISLAND

Lincoln In Richmond

Die Stodt brennt. Un s'knoilen sich zum Himmel
Dicker schwarzer Roich,
Fette, fressendige Flammen,
Un schickere Geschreien un Gesangen.
Schreckiger Gelaf vun Weisse.
Un erscht befreite Neger
Mit bunte Trantes oif die schwarze Leiber,
Mit chajesch weisse Zejn un damfendige Neser
Stromen chwaljessweis vun Gass zu Gass
Schreiendig un singendig,
Un trogendig Verwisstung in die chajesch breite
Fiss.
A schwarzer Wald vun Kepp, geboigen vun a
Sturem.
Es wachst der Wald un s'wachst der Sturem.
Un er, oif wemes Goirel s'is gefallen
Zu weren der Befreier —
Ihm boigen sich die Knie.

Es wachst der Wald un s'wachst der Sturem.
Un peinlich krummt sein Rucken sich in Schand,
Un s'flammen heiss bei ihm die Oieren :
Zi hot er dos gewollt?
Zi is dos nit a bejser Spott?
A Strof vun Gott
Far Eitelkeit un Durscht noch Macht?
Er seht Verwisstung un er seht noch mehr.

LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

The town is burning. Thick, black smoke, fat devouring flames and drunken cries and chants writhe upward to the sky. Terrified running of white men. And newly freed negroes with bright rags on their black bodies, with white teeth of beasts and steaming nostrils pour like waves into the streets, screaming and singing and bearing devastation with their broad, animal feet.

A black forest of heads, bent by a storm.

The forest grows and the storm grows. And his knees bend, whose fate it was to be the liberator.

The forest grows and the storm grows. And his back bends painfully in shame, his ears burn hotly. Had he wanted this? Is this not an evil mockery? God's punishment of vanity and thirst for might? He sees devastation and he sees even more. And

Un mit sein umgelumpert groisser Hand
Wischt er dem kalten Schweiss vun beinerdigen
Steren.

Es wachst der Wald un s'wachst der Sturem.
Un mit a mol werd er vergliwert in a Wand
Vun schwarze Kepp un toiter Stillkeit.
Un plutzling reisst sich scharf un schreckig
a Geschrei :
Lincoln!
Un wie a Wind zetrogt sich: Lincoln!
Un einer ruft mit oisgeglotzte Oigen:
Jesus heiliger!
Un ziterig ruft ois a Stimm:
Moschiach!
Un Weiber hoiben oif die Kinder in der Hoich:
Seh dem Oislejser!
Un emitzer zeschreit sich wild:
Der Jom Hadin!
Un wie a Chwalje trogt sich iber alle Kepp:
Der Jom Hadin!
Der Jom Hadin!
Der Jom Hadin!

Un s'fallen toisenter in Zitternisch un Ehrfurcht
oif die Knie
Halb singendig, halb schreiendig un schlogendig
die Sterens
Oif die Steiner vun dem Bruck.

with his large clumsy hand he wipes the cold sweat from his bony forehead.

The forest grows and the storm grows. And suddenly he is entrapped in a wall of black heads and deathly silence. And suddenly there rises a cry, sharp and terrified: Lincoln! and like a wind it spreads: Lincoln! And one calls with staring eyes: Jesus, Holy One! And a trembling voice cries: Messiah! And women lift their children high: Behold the Saviour! And someone calls out wildly: The Day of Judgment! And like a wave it passes over all the heads: The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment!

And thousands fall trembling in awe on their knees half singing, half screaming and beating their heads against the stones of the road.

Un er, var wemes Fiss es liegen toisenter,
Er steht hachnojedig un klein.
Un fihlt,
As schwerer noch vun Spott is zu vertrogen Loib.
Un niedriger vun Stoib
Derniederigt die menschliche Vergetterung.
Un keinmol friher hot er nit asoi gebenkt
Noch Frieden un noch Ruh un noch an Ort,
Wu er soll konnen endigen die Johren
Mit Weib un Kinder — weit vun Menschen,
Un frei vun alle Eitelkeiten.

Iber Alle Decher

Iber alle Decher
Hengt a stille Nacht.
Ongelehnt beim Fenster
Steht mein Kind vertracht.

Stellt sich oif die Finger,
Kuckt un kuckt arois —
Sein Gesicht werd blasser,
Un die Oigen groiss.

Seine blonde Locken
Kreislen sich in Wind. —
Weiss ein guter Gott nor,
Wos es seht mein Kind.

And he, at whose feet lie thousands, stands humble and small and feels that praise is much harder to bear than mockery, and that the adoration of men lowers lower than dust. And never had he longed so much for peace and rest and for a place where he could end his days with wife and children — far from men and free from all vanities.

OVER ALL THE ROOFS

Over all the roofs hangs a quiet night. Leaning against the window my child stands musing.

He stands on tiptoe, keeps gazing out — his face grows pale and his eyes widen.

His fair curls flow in the wind. God alone knows what my child beholds.

Vier Jinglech In Weisse Blusen . . .

Vier Jinglech in weisse Blusen
Sitzen oif a Stein in Park
Mit die Ruckens zu der Nacht, wos kummt.

Vier Jinglech, weiss wie Schwanen,
Kucken zu dem Himmel,
Wu a dinner roser Wolken
Schpreit sich wie a Fliegel ois.

Vier Jinglech — weisse Schwanen,
Reiten troimendig in Himmel
Oif'n Rucken vun a riesen rosen Schmetterling.

Die Boimer Fihren In Der Weit . . .

Die Boimer fihren in der Weit,
Un bloilich is der Steg beim Seit.

Un bloilich, wie a Maisse winkt
A Dorf in Neplen eingetinkt.

Un halb entschlossen, ohn a Zweck
Los ich aweck sich mit'n Steg.

Die Boimer fihren, wel ich gehn,
Un wel vergessen, wos gewen;

Un wel nit trachten, wos wet sein,
Nor nochgehn noch'n bloien Schein.

FOUR BOYS

Four boys in white blouses are sitting on a rock in the park with their backs toward the coming night.

Four boys, white as swans, are gazing at the sky, where a thin rosy cloud spreads like a wing.

Four boys—white swans, ride dreaming in the sky on the back of a giant rosy butterfly.

THE TREES LEAD INTO THE DISTANCE

The trees lead into the distance and bluish is the roadside pathway.

And bluish twinkles a village dipped in mists, like a fairy tale.

And irresolute, aimlessly I ramble off along the path.

The trees lead — so I shall go, and shall forget all that has been.

And shall not think of what's to come — but only follow the blue gleam.

L. FEINBERG

New York

Kaleidoskopisch, grotesk un bunter
Vun Theater, Musee un Morgue
Turemt oif der Ness vun Johrhundert —
Die apokalipsische Stodt New York.

A Mechaschef in purpurne Togen,
A gehilter in hellen Geschrei
Oif a blitzigen Fajer-Wogen
Iber'n lichtigen Broadway.

Wenn der Owend — a lustiger Schicker —
Treibt vun Himmlen dem nichternem Tog
Stromen Lichter, wie farbiger Liker
Vun die Lompen oif jeden Rog.

In der Stodt vun stohlene Romben,
Wu a Romb oif a Romb ruht
Zinden roite elektrische Lompen
Hellen Umruh in poruschdig Blut.

NEW YORK

Caleidoscopical, grotesque and more variegated than theatre, museum and morgue — is towering the miracle of the century, the apocaliptyc city: New York.

A sorcerer in purple togas wrapped in loud out-cries, on a sparkling chariot of fire along the bright Broadway.

When the evening, a merry drunkard, drives the sober day from the skies, lights stream like colorful liquor from the lamps on every corner

In the city of steel rhombuses, where one rhombus rests on another, red electric lamps set aflame bright unrest in the blood of hermits.

JACOB FICHMAN

Obend

Der Obend kummt. Alz klorer klingt mein Lied.
Ich bin vun lange Wegen noch nit mid.
Ich lieb noch alz dos weiche Gros beim Weg,
Wos hot getreist mein Harz in alte Teg.
Ich lieb dem Maarew-Roim in roiten Blut,
Un in die Berg dem Klang vun meine Tritt.
Es klogt mein reines Lied nit, nit es schelt,
Nor einsam klingt sein Kol in Obend-Feld.

Alz roiter blankt der Obend. Kihler werd.
Ich lieb noch alz die schejne, liebe Erd.
Ich lieb dem Sstep-Toi, un dem freien Wind.
Vun sei hob ich mein Troier-Gold gespinnt.
Nor schwerer werd mein Harz vun Tog zu Tog.
Ich wer tog-teglich reicher, denn ich trog
Die Last vun Troier un die Last vun Glick.
Nor eibig durschtig bleibt noch alz mein Blick.

EVENING

Evening is coming. My song resounds ever more clearly. I am not yet wearied of long roads. I still love the soft grass by the roadside, that consoled my heart in days of yore. I like the western sky, bathed in red blood. I love the echo of my footfalls in the hills. My chaste song laments not, nor does it utter curses, but its voice resounds lovely in the evening field.

The evening glows ever more red. It gets cooler. I still love the beautiful, dear earth. I love the dew of the steppe and the open wind. I have spun from them my sorrow's gold. But with every day my heart grows heavier. I become wealthier from day to day. I bear the burden of sorrow and the burden of happiness. Yet my eye still remains eternally athirst.

JACOB GLATSTEIN

Awischag

Awischag, kleine, junge, warime Awischag.
Schrei ois in Gass arein : Kenig Dowid is
noch nit gestorben.
Nor schlofen will Kenig Dowid, un men losst nit.
Adonihu mit sein Bande schreien schoin die
Kroin arob vun mein groien Kopp.
Die fette Bass-Schewa benscht mich mit eibig
Leben un hit meine letzte Werter mit a
chitren Schmeichel.

Schlof, mein Kenig, die Nacht is still. Mir sennen
alle deine Knecht.

Awischag, kleine, dorfische Awischag.
Warf mein Kroin in Gass arein, soll sie chappen
wer es will.
Es jommert gestorbene Macht in jeden Finger
meinem.
Iber dir allein herrscht itzt die kenigliche
derwiderdige Elter.
Dowid der Kenig hot alle seine Diener verloiren.
Mit ein Dienst verblieben.

Drimmel, mein Kenig. Die Nacht is toit. Mir
sennen alle deine Knecht.

ABISHAG

Abishag, slim youthful, warm Abishag. Shout into the street: King David is not yet dead. All King David desires is to sleep — and they do not let him. Already Adonijah with his gang shout the crown from off my hoary head. Fat Bathsheba blesses me with eternal life — and with a sly smile she watches for my last words.

Sleep, my King. The night is still. We are all thy slaves.

Abishag, little, village born Abishag. Hurl my crown into the street, snatch it whoever will. Faded power wails in my every finger. Over you alone does lord the royal repulsive old age. David the King has lost all his servants. He is left with but a single maid.

Slumber, my King. The night is dead. We are all thy slaves.

Awischag, kleine troierige Awischag.
A kleintschig Ketzele in Steig vun alten
zejnerlosen Leib geworfen.
S'is beschert mein Elter oiszugehn in Schoiss
vun deine klogendige junge Johren.
Meine siegreiche Milchomes sennen blois
Kaluzshes Blut in mein Sikoren.
Un wie lang erscht hoben Jungfroien besungen
mich in Lieder.

Ruh, mein Kenig. Die Nacht is still. Mir
sennen alle deine Knecht.

Awischag, kleine, harzige Awischag.
Es wogelt die Moire in alle meine Glieder.
Konn men durch Kaluzshes Blut zu Stegen
gettliche derblonsen?
Beim Scheidweg wellen mir beistehn denn die
ruhige Gesangen vun meine frumme Scho'en?
Awischag, s'sennen doch Gesangen wohraftiger
vun Sind.

Cholem, mein Kenig, Die Nacht is toit. Mir
sennen alle deine Knecht.

Awischag, kleine, junge, warime Awischag.
Schrei ois in Gass arein, Kenig Dowid is
noch nit gestorben.
Nor starben will Kenig Dowid un men losst nit.
Warf arois mein Kroin, soll sie chappen wer es will.

Abishag, sad, little Abishag. A tiny kitten thrown into the cage of the old toothless lion. 'Tis decreed that my days shall expire on the bosom of your wretched, young years. My victorious battles are but sloughs of blood in my memory. Yet not remote the day when virgins sang my praises.

Rest, my King. The night is still. We are all thy slaves.

Abishag, little, ruthful Abishag. Fear is coursing through all my limbs. Can one through sloughs of blood stumble on heavenly paths? At the parting of the ways will the gentle songs of my pious moments stand me in good stead? Abishag, surely song is truer than sin.

Dream, my King. The night is dead. We are all thy slaves.

Abishag, slim, youthful, warm Abishag. Shout into the street: King David is not yet dead. But King David wishes to die and they do not let him. Toss away my crown — snatch it whoever will. Let

Adonihu zi Schloime iber'n Volk — un ich iber
dir die letzte Teg mit mein derwiderdiger Elter.

Schlof ein, mein Kenig. Es togt schoin bald.
Mir sennen alle deine Knecht.

Der Stolzer Kinig

Wenn der stolzer Kinig is in Ssoines Stodt
areingeritten,
Hot sein roite Bord geflammt in der oifgehender
Sunn,
Wie die blanke Schwerden vun sein Swite.
Un wenn s'hot der stolzer Kinig bescheinperlich
gesehn
Wie s'halt der Toit die Stodt in seine Orems,
Un as s'sennen oisgestorben alle Ziegel in die Haiser,
Un a mindst Wintel konn zeblosen die Haiser
oif dinnem Stoib —
Hot er gelacht.
Un umgedreht hot er sein starken Kopp
A Kuck zu tun oif seine Jungen,
Wos hoben mid un temp geschleppt a vermaterten
dem Sieg.

Un der Kinig hot befoilen,
As s'sollen die jingste Sechorim vun der Stodt
Kummen ihm antkegen mit Broit un Salz.

Adonijah or Solomon rule over the people and I in my last days over you with my replusive old age.

Sleep, my King. The day will soon dawn. We are all thy slaves.

THE PROUD KING

When the proud king rode into the enemy's city, his red beard flamed in the rising sun, like the gleaming swords of his retinue. And when the proud king saw that Death held the city in his embrace, and that all the bricks of the houses were dead, and the slightest breeze could blow the buildings into dust, he laughed. And he turned his thick-set head to view his retainers who jadedly and dully dragged after themselves an exhausted victory.

And the king ordered the youngest males of the city to come to meet him with bread

Bald hoben genehnt dem Kinig zehn alte Leit
mit lange groie Berd
Un oif die Knie gefallen :
Stolzer Kinig, mir sennen die jingste Sechorim
vun der Stodt,
Un kein Broit hoben mir nit,
Weil s'hot sich oisgelosst dos Broit bei uns
schoin iber zwelf Chadoschim.
Eides sennen unsere Hend die oisgezehrte,
Unsere Gumens die oisgetruckente.
A Bissel Salz hoben mir gebracht,
Blois a Bissel Salz hoben mir gebracht.

Wieder hot der stolzer Kinig a Kuck getun
ahinter oif seine Jungen,
Wos sennen vun die Fiss gefallen, schleppendig
a vermaterten dem Sieg.
S'hot der Kinig befoilen :
Sollen eiere schenste Jungfroien kummen
begrissen meine Jungen,
Sollen sei schpreiten Blumen var die Tritt
vun unser Sieg.
In weinendige Reihen hoben borwesse geschpannt
die Jungfroien mit groie Kepp,
Un geschpreit verwelkte Blumenblettlech.
Un s'hoben sich vernoigt die erschte vier Froien
varn stolzen Kinig
Un asoi gesprochen :
S'hot der Otem vun Toit oisgetruckent unsere
Wasserquallen,

and salt. Presently ten old men with long gray beards approached the king and fell upon their knees: "Proud king, we are the youngest males of the city, and we have no bread, for there has been a bread famine since all the last twelvemonth. Our lean arms, our dried palates bear witness thereto; a pinch of salt we have brought—only a pinch of salt we have brought."

Again the proud king looked back upon his fellows, who could scarcely stand upon their feet, dragging along an exhausted victory. The King ordered: "Let your most beautiful women come to meet my warriors—let them strew flowers before the advent of our victory." In weeping array the young women with grey heads walked barefoot and strewed withered petals. And the first four women bowed to the proud king and spake thus: "The breath of Death has dried up all our

Wie die Worzlen vun unsere Hoor,
Un oich unsere Himmlen sennen geworen Stein.
Hoben mir denn gekonnt mit leere Krugen stillen
dem Dorscht vun die Blumen?
Un s'is oifgestannen der eltster Mannsbil vun
der Erd

Un asoi gesprochen :
Stolzer, Kinig,
Nit Kuck wos gebuckt is mein Kopp un mein Tritt
nit sicher.
Dos hoben Johren mir gegeben a Stecken in Hand
Un mein Kopp zu drerd geboigen.
Johren welen oich dem Kopp vun dein Stolz
mit Asch bedecken
Un ihm heissen gehn wie a Bettler.
Der stolzer Kinig hot verstannen
As do darf sein Grimmzorn brennen wie sein
roite Bord.

Ober er hot nit gezorent.
Seine Oigen hoben blois gekuckt oif die verwelkte
Blumenblettlech,
Wos die Junfroien hoben geschpreit var die
Tritt vun sein Sieg.

Un arobgerissen hot vun sich alle Schmates eine
vun die Jungfroien —
Ihr Nacketkeit hot geweint wenn sie hot asoi
gesprochen :
Seh, stolzer Kinig, meine Glieder wos hoben
gewusst a Mann, hengen itzt verschemte

springs — like the roots of our hair — and our skies turned unto stone. How could we quench the flowers' thirst with empty jugs?" And the oldest male rose from the ground and spake thus: "Proud King, do not heed my bent head and my unsure tread. It is age that put a staff into my hand and bent my head. Age will also cover thy haughty head with ashes and command thee go in beggarly fashion." The proud king realized that presently his ire ought to flame forth like his ruddy beard. But he was not aroused. His eyes merely glanced over the withered petals that the young women had strewn before the advance of his victory.

And one of the young women tore off the rags from her. Her nudity wept as she spake thus: "Proud King, behold! my limbs that knew of man now hang in shame, for the yearning within me for the

Weil s'hot die Benkschaft in mir nuch dem
Taten vun mein Kind
Verzehrt in mir alle Froiensaften —
Asoi soll vertruckent weren die Tracht vun
dein Weib oif eibig.
Wieder hot der stolzer Kinig verstannen
As er mus freilosen sein Zorn wie a wilden
jungen Ochs.
Ober er hot nit gezorent.
Seine Oigen hoben alz gekuckt oif die werwelkte
Blumenblettlech,
Wos die Jungfroien hoben geschpreit var die
Tritt vun sein Sieg.

A finstere Moire hot sich gelegt oif die Haiser.
Derschrockene Kinder hoben vun die Fenster
seiere Mames gerufen.
Vun Kloister arois hot sich dertrogen dos
Gewein vun die frumme Benk
Noch die junge Tates vun der Stodt.
Der eingeschlofener blinder Glocken-Zieher is
vun sein Schlof erwacht,
Seine alte gele Hend hoben wie immer gebeten
dem Kloisterglock onzusogen,
As s'is gekummen die Schoh far der Obend-Tfile,
Ober die stumme Zung vun Glock hot oisgeklungen
A Toiten-Klung.
A Toiten-Klung.

Die Sunn is eingeschrumpen.
A Schlagsregen hot oisgebrochen.

father of my child consumed all my femininity. So may the womb of thy wife be barren forever." Once more the proud king understood that he ought to unleash his rage like a savage young ox. But he did not. His eyes kept roaming over the withered petals which the young women scattered before the tread of his victory.

A sinister fear enveloped all the houses. Frightened children called their mothers through the casements. From the churches there came the weeping of the pious pews for the young fathers of the city. The blind dozing belfry ringer awoke, his parchmentlike hands beseeching the bells as usual to toll forth the approaching vesper hour, but the mute tongue of the bell rang out a death knell — a death knell.

The sun had shrunk. A torrent came on. The rain drenched alike the heads of

Der Regen hot benetzt die Kepp vun Freind wie
die Kepp vun die Feind.
Die zehn alte Leit hoben umgekehrt seiere
Ruckens zum Kenig
Un sich zum Kloister gelosst gehn.
Un der stolzer Kinig hot alz gekuckt
Wie in weinendige Reihen schpannen borwess die
Jungfroien mit groie Kepp
Un schpreiten verwelkte Blumenblettlech var
die Tritt vun sein Sieg.

A Tfile

Der Roisch vun dein Mantelsoim bin ich,
O, Brahma!
Dos Echo vun dein Nigen in a Sunn-Vergang.
Dein Cholem in a Nepel-Nacht.
Du host i mich
I dos Wasserel wos spiegelt ob mich
Oisgetracht —
In a Nepel-Nacht.
A Seifenblos hostu mich oif der Welt arobgeschickt,
O, Brahma!
Platzen wet der Seifenblos amol.
Oisspinnen wet sich der Cholem amol.
Soll mich dein kaprisner Moiach
Mehr nit cholemen, o, Brahma!

the allies and the heads of the enemy. The ten old men turned their backs upon the king and started for the church. And the haughty king still saw how in weeping array the young women with grey heads walked barefoot and strewed withered petals before the advance of his victory.

A PRAYER

I am the rustle of thy cloak's hem, oh Brahma! The echo of thy chant at a sunset. Thy dream of a foggy night. Of a foggy night thou hast conceived me as well as the rillet that mirrors me. A mere soap-bubble thou hast sent me upon this world, oh Brahma! One day the soap-bubble will burst, the dream will come to the end of its spinning. Let thy whimsical brain dream me no more, oh Brahma!

Meine Lieder

Ch'hob ongeschrieben lange Boigens groie Hoor
un tiefe Kneitschen
Mit blonde Hoor un kindische Oigen —
Wie hob ich es gekonnt?
As in Varnachten woiet noch dos Harz
in mir: Mame.
Un noch heint willt sich aweckschlittlen
meine Johren oif'n Schnej.

MY SONGS

With fair hair and childish eyes I have written folios of grey hair and deep wrinkles. — — — How could I — when of evenings my heart is still whining: "Mother" and even now my years would fain glide away on the snow . . . ?

URI ZWI GRINBERG

Ch'geh Mir Dem Zoffen Akegen . . .

Ch'geh mir dem Zoffen akegen.
Links is der troiriger Maarew,
Dort is dos Tog-Gold begroben.

Ch'hob vun sein Reichkeit gejarschet
Blois die Sichroines wos nogen —
Fajerlech tomid zeglihte . . .

Ch'geh mir dem Zoffen akegen;
Meglich gefinn ich a Haisel,
Flackert a Fajerel dorten.

Wel ich mein Pack un dem Stecken
Oblegen still un wel nachten
In d'Orems vun Chawes a Tochter.

Un iberen Dach vunem Haisel
Wet fliessen a silbern Teichel,
Un Beimer arum wellen roischen . . .

NORTHWARD I GO...

Northward I go. To the left is the melancholy west where the gold of day is buried.

Of its treasures I have inherited only the gnawing memories — little fires always glowing . . .

Northward I go; perhaps I may find a hut with a little flickering fire.

Then I'll rest my pack and staff and spend the night in the arms of a daughter of Eve.

And over the roof of the hut there will flow a silver rivulet and the encircling trees will rustle . . .

NAFTALI GROSS

Die Hand

Var die hoiche Berg in Maarew
Nemt der Tog sich neigen,
Stille Schotens zu dem Misrach
Nemmen oif sein Weg sich lejgen.

Oif die hoiche Berg in Maarew
Streckt wer ois a weite Hand,
Nemt die Sunn, dem Tog ariber
Ergitz iber jenem Rand.

Still, Neschome meine, stiller,
S'wet amol an Owend kummen,
Westu oich vun jener Hand
Weren ergitz zugenummen.

THE HAND

Before the lofty mountains in the west
the day begins to bend; silent shadows fall
toward the east across his way.

On the lofty mountains in the west
Someone outstretches a far-reaching hand,
conveys the sun, the day somewhere to the
other side.

Quiet, my soul; be quiet — there will
come an evening and you also will be led
away somewhere by that hand.

H. GUDELMAN

Onhoib November

Ein Stick Himmel bloi,
A zweites — groi.
Un zwischen beide Stick
Oif Silberstrick
Hengt a kuperne zeglihte Blech
Arumgelegt mit Pech.
Boimer — grine Schirems obblackirt
Oifgemachte stehen.
Bletter — gele, dare Sticklech Leder
Kupesweis zewischen die Alejen.
Die Luft, wie scharfer Spirt,
Macht harb in Nos;
Wie a zehnwochig nit gegolte Bort
Steckt vun drerd arois dos gele Gros.
Kranke, weisse Summervejgel stehn
Oif a niederigen broinem Kust,
Wie weisse Flecken oif a Negerfrois Brust.
A Wintel kihl un scharf
Brummt un zshummt,
Wie s'wolten Finger blois berihrt
Die grobe Sstrune vun a Harf.

EARLY NOVEMBER

One part of the sky — blue, another — grey. Between the two on a silver cord there hangs a glowing copper disk besmudged with soot. Trees stand like green lacquered unfolded umbrellas. Leaves — yellow, dried scraps of leather in heaps along the alleys. The air like a gaseous beverage fizzes in the nose. The yellow grass protrudes from the ground like a beard of a ten-weeks' growth. Sickly, white butterflies balance on a low brown shrub, like white stains on the breast of a negress. A cool and stinging breeze murmurs and rustles, as when fingers barely touch the bass string of a harp.

M. L. HALPERN

In Goldenem Land

Zi denn wolstu, Mame, mir gloiben gewollt,
As allzding bei uns werd verwandelt in Gold,
As Gold werd vun Blut un vun Eisen gemacht,
Vun Blut un vun Eisen bei Tog un bei Nacht?

— Mein Suhn, var a Mamen behalt men sich nit,
A Mame derkennt un a Mame fihlt mit.
Mir dacht sich, as du host kein Broit zu der satt
Oich dort in dem goldenem Land nit gehat.

Oi Mame, mein Mame, zi fallt es dir ein,
As Broit bei uns warft men in Wasser arein
Derfar, weil es git uns asoi viel die Erd,
As s'hoibt on verlieren dem goldenem Wert?

— Ich weiss nit, mein Suhn, nor es weint mir
mein Harz;
Dein Ponim seht ois wie die Nacht asoi schwarz,
Un schleferig fallen die Oigen dir zu,
Asoi wie bei einem, wos chalescht noch Ruh.

Oi Mame, mein Mame, du host doch gehert
Vun Bahnen, wos jogen sich unter der Erd —
Var Tog schleppt die Bahn vun Geleger arois,
Un schpet in der Nacht brengt sie wieder in Hois.

— Ich weiss nit, mein Suhn, ober tief is mein Wund.
Ich hob dich aweckgeschickt jung un gesund,

IN THE GOLDEN LAND

Would you, mother, believe me that here everything is turned into gold, that gold is made of blood and iron, of blood and iron by day and by night?

— My son, one is not secretive with one's mother, a mother perceives and a mother is compassionate. I'm afraid you haven't even had bread enough to keep from starving in that golden land.

Oh mother, my mother, and would you believe that here bread is thrown into water because the fields yield us so much that it loses its golden value?

— I know not, my son, but my heart cries, your face is as dark as the night and drowsily your eyelids are drooping as if craving for rest.

Oh mother, my mother, but you have heard about trains that run underground — at dawn the train drags you out of bed and late at night it brings you back home.

— I know not, my son, but my wound is deep, I sent you away youthful and healthy,

Mir dacht sich ot nechten erscht is es gewen —
Un heint mus ich wieder asoi-o dich sehn.

Wos zapstu mir, Mame, vun Harzen dos Blut?
Zi fihlstu denn gornit wie weh dos mir tut?
Wos weinstu, mein Mame, zi sehstu denn oich
Wie ich asa Wand asoi finster un hoich?

— Wie soll ich nit weinen, mein Suhn, iber dir?
Vergessen on Gott un vergessen on mir.
Itzt is dir dos eigene Leben a Wand,
Wos steht dir in Weg in dem goldenem Land.

Gerecht bistu, Mame, mir sennen zescheidt.
A goldene Keit — un an eiserne Keit . . .
A goldener Stuhl — in Himmel far dir,
In goldenem Land — a Tlije far mir.

Dos Lied Vun Dem Pejper-Henger

Pejper-Henger, Pejper-Henger,
Die Leiter wolt gemegt sein lenger.
Nor der Pejper-Henger wos esst sein Broit
Oif der Leiter, mit Hend vun Farb un Koit,
Hert nischt arunter wos men redt.
Wie a Kind in Wieg, oif'n Leiter-Brett
Wiegt er sich mit die Oigen aroif —
Un awade hoiben ihm Menschen oif
Nochdem, wenn es trefft schoin dos Umglick.

meseems it was but yesterday — and now I must see you changed like that.

Why, mother, do you drain the blood from my heart? Are you insensible to the pain it causes me? Why do you weep, mother mine, do you also see as I do a wall so dark and high?

— How should I not weep over you, my son? Forgotten is God and forgotten am I. Now your life is unto you a wall that is a hindrance to you in that golden land.

You are right, mother sundered we are. A golden chain — and an iron chain . . . A golden chair — in heaven for you, in the golden land — a gibbet for me.

THE SONG OF THE PAPERHANGER

Paperhanger, paperhanger — the ladder might have been longer. But the paperhanger who eats his bread on the ladder, with hands of paint and soot, hears not what is said below. Like a child in a cradle, with uplifted eyes, he rocks himself on the scaffolding — and doubtlessly people will pick him up after the misfortune shall have befallen him.

Der Doktor in dem Chalat dem weissen,
Wos heisst oif ihm dos Hemd zereissen
Horcht asoi lang, bis dos Harz geht ois.
Nochdem heisst er aroisgehn alle vun Hois,
Un er git in Hand arein a Papier
Dem Wechter, wos er losst beim Tir.
Nor der Wechter is asoi fremd un foil,
As er trogt nischt afile kein Hand zum Moil
Wenn es willt sich ihm tun a Genitz.

Nor as die Schoh hot oisgeschlogen
Un men kummt schoin mit'n Toitenwogen —
Demolt wacklen sich un schleppen sich
In schwarze Schpenzers un gele Schich
Un mit a roiter Fohn in hie Hend
Drei "Brider" hinter'n "President" —
Un asoi take bis zu der Brooklyn-Brick.
Nochdem kehrt men sich wieder um zurick —
Un men setzt sich in Korten spielen.

Un as men spielt schoin, bedarf men spielen,
Bis es roischt in die Kepp wie in Wassermihlen,
Un bis es beweist sich der Tog oif die Wend.
Un as der schlefriger "President"
Geht dernoch in a Bod arein schlofen aweck,
Bleiben drei "Brider" mit der Sorg un der Schreck
Wos wachst in sei mit der Sunn wos geht oif.
Kriechen sei wieder oif der Leiter aroif,
Un sei arbeten un sei drimlen.

The physician in his white coat, who orders his shirt torn, listens to his heart until its beating ceases. Then he asks everyone to leave the house, and thrusts a paper into the watchman's hand, whom he leaves at the door. But the watchman is so unconcerned and indolent that he does not even carry his hand to his mouth when he feels like yawning.

But when the hour strikes and the hearse arrives — then, swaying and dragging themselves along in black coats and yellow shoes and carrying a red flag in their hands, come three "brothers" behind the "president." And thus they keep on to Brooklyn Bridge. Then they return and sit down to a card game.

And once they play they've got to play until there is a din in their heads as of water-mills, and until the day appears on the walls. And when presently the drowsy "president" leaves for a bathhouse to sleep there, three "brothers" remain with the worry and the fright that grows in them with the rising sun. Then they clamber on the ladders again. And they work and doze.

Sogt sei der Toit durch'n Fenster "Gut Morgen" —
Un vun unter sein schwarzen Busem verborgen
Schleppt er derweil a Cholem arois
Vun a weiss un warem Bett in a Hois,
Nochdem legt er oich in dem Bett arein
A Froi wos es konn kein schenere nit sein —
Un kalt asoi wie tomid un stumm
Wickelt er mit dem Cholem arum
Die Pejperhengers oif der Leiter — — —

Watch Your Step

Gold is die Zeit in dem goldenem Land.
Git men a Klung un a Hoib mit a Hand
Klappen sich Tiren zu hilchig un schnell,
Fliht der Express durch'n schwarzen Tunnel
Schneller vun Wind un geschwinder vun Blick.
Flihen varbei mit der Wand oif zurick
Steren nuch Steren in grin un in roit —
Grin is dos Leben un roit is der Toit.
Losst a Signal sich vorois in Gejeg,
Warft er un schleidert er alz ois'n Weg;
Ruderen Reder in wilden Geloif,
Trogen sich Bahnen arob un aroif,
Trogen sich Vejgel vun Gold un vun Glut —
Zindt sich mir on a Begehr in mein Blut
Heisser vun Glut un noch heller vun Gold.
Hej! Wie es wollt sich a Chapp tun gewollt
Ot asa Voigel! — Ho-ho, ssara Pracht!

Death bids them "Good morning" through the window, and meanwhile from under his black bosom he drags out a dream of a white and warm bed in a home, and into this bed he puts a woman than whom there can be none more beautiful, and as chill as ever and as mute, he wraps his dream about the paperhangers on the ladder — — —

WATCH YOUR STEP . . .

Time is gold in the golden land. At the sound of a bell and the lifting of a hand doors are slammed noisily and quickly and the express speeds on through the dark tunnel, faster than a wind and quicker than an eye's glance. Stars upon stars, green and red, fly backward on the walls, green meaning "life" and red meaning "death." Ahead runs a signal, throwing and pushing everything out of the way. Wheels are thundering in the wild flight — trains are soaring up and down, birds of gold and of blood soar ahead — — — And in my blood flames up a desire, more fervid than blood and much brighter than gold. Oh! How I'd wish to catch such a bird! Ho — ho! — What a splendor! — Yet quick like a

Jogt er varbei wie a Blitz in der Nacht.
Jogen un trogen sich Vejgel un flihn
Lichtig wie Blitzen aher un ahin.
Lichtig wie Blitzen varbei nochanand —
Goldene Vejgel vun goldenem Land.

Mein Unruh Vun A Wolf . . .

Mein Unruh vun a Wolf un vun a Ber mein Ruh,
Die Wildkeit schreit in mir, die Langweil
hert sich zu.
Ich bin nit wos ich tracht, ich bin nit wos ich will,
Ich bin der Zoiberer un bin dos Zoiberspiel.
Ich bin a Retenisch, wos matert sich allein,
A Flinker wie der Wind, gebunden zu a Stein.
Ich bin die Summer-Sunn, ich bin die Winter-Kelt,
Ich bin der reicher Frant, wos warft mit golden
Geld.
Ich bin der Jung, wos schpannt, dos Hitel oif a Seit,
Un ganwet feifendig bei sich allein die Zeit.
Ich bin der Fiedel oich, dos Peikel un der Bass
Vun alte Klesmer drei, wos spielen oif'n
Gass — —
Ich bin der Kindertanz, un beim Lewone-Schein
Bin ich der Narr, wos benkt in bloien Land arein.
Un as ich geh varbei an eingefallen Hois
Bin ich die Pustkeit oich, wos kuckt vun dort arois.
Atzund bin ich die Schreck in droissen var
mein Tir,

lightning it vanishes in the night. Bright like lightning, birds soar and flutter to and fro, bright like lightning one after another — golden birds of the golden land.

MY RESTLESSNESS IS THAT OF A WOLF . . .

My restlessness is that of a wolf, and like unto a bear's my peacefulness; ferocity raves within me and boredom hearkens unto it.

I am not what I think I am, I am not what I want to be; I am the magician and the magic.

I am the riddle that torments itself; a swift one as a breeze—leashed to a stone.

I am the summer sun, I am the winter cold, I am the wealthy man who is lavish with his gold.

I am the youth who walks with tilted hat, and who, whistling, steals his own time.

I am the violin, the tambourine and the drum of old musicians three who play in the square.

I am the children's dance, and in the moonlight I am the fool who dreams himself into the blue realm.

And when I pass a ramshackle house I am the emptiness that stares therefrom.

Die Grub die offene, wos wart in Feld far mir.
Atzund bin ich a Licht, a Johrzeit-Licht wos brennt,
An ibrig Bild an alt's oif groi verstoibte Wend.
Atzund bin ich dos Harz — der Umet in a Blick,
Wos hot gebenkt noch mir mit hundert Johr zurick.
Atzund bin ich die Nacht wos heisst mir weren mid,
Der schwerer Nacht-Tuman, dos stille Obendlied.
Der Steren iber mir dort oiben in der Hoich.
Dos Roischen vun a Boim, a Glockenklang, a Roich.

Die Sunn Wet Aruntergehn . . .

Die Sunn wet aruntergehn hinter'n Barg,
Wet kummen a stille die Liebe zu gehn;
Wet kummen a stille die Liebe zu gehn
Zum Umet, wos sitzt oif a goldenem Stein
Un weint far sich einer allein.

Die Sunn wet aruntergehn hinter'n Barg,
Wet kummen die goldene Pawe zu flihn;
Wet kummen die goldene Pawe zu flihn
Un mitnemmen wet sie uns alle ahin,
Ahin, wu die Benkschaft wet zieh'n.

Die Sunn wet aruntergehn hinter'n Barg,
Wet kummen die Nacht un wet singen lju-lju.
Wet kummen die Nacht and wet singen lju-lju
Ariber die Oigen wos fallen schoin zu
Zu schlofen in eibiger Ruh.

Now I am the terror outside my door, the yawning grave that awaits me in the field.

Now I am a candle, the anniversary candle which burns; an old useless portrait on a gray and dusty wall.

Now I am the heart—the sorrow in a gaze that yearned for me a century ago.

Now I am the night which bids me be fatigued, the heavy night fog, the hushed song — —

The star above me, the rustle of a tree, the peal of a bell, a wisp of smoke.

THE SUN WILL SET . . .

The sun will set behind the hill, then shall Love come on tip-toe, then shall Love come on tip-toe to the Loneliness that sits upon a golden stone and cries in solitude.

The sun will set behind the hill, then shall the golden peacock come flying, then shall the golden peacock come flying, and take us all along thither, thither where yearnings will impel.

The sun will set behind the hill, then shall the night come and sing lullaby, then shall the night come and sing lullaby over the eyes that are already closing to sleep in eternal rest.

Wer Is . . .

Wer is, wer is der Reiter dort,
Wos reit un rihrt sich nit vun Ort?
. . . Sei still, mein Blut, sei still, nit wein,
Der Reiter dort bin ich allein.

In halber Nacht in mitten Feld
Wer hot var ihm dem Weg verstellt?
. . . Sei still, mein Blut, sei still, nit wein,
Der Reiter dort bin ich allein.

Un as s'is finster umetum,
Wos kehrt der Reiter sich nit um?
. . . Sei still, mein Blut, sei still, nit wein,
Der Reiter dort bin ich allein.

WHO IS . . .

Who is, who is yon rider, that rides, yet does not move from the spot? . . . Be still, my blood, be still, don't cry—yon rider strange am I myself.

At the middle of night, amidst the field, is someone standing in his way? . . . Be still, my blood, be still, don't cry—yon rider strange, am I myself.

And if it's dark all around, why does the rider not turn back? — Be still, my blood, be still, don't cry — yon rider strange, am I myself.

L. M. HERBERT

A Melodie Vun Schubert

Vun dem Orkester siftzt a Klang afir,
Wos klingt zuerscht wie still, verstickt a Chlippen,
Gleich Zaar wolt ongesapt sich ohn a Schier
Un wolt dir stumm gezittert oif die Lippen,
Un sich ohn Ton aroisgehoicht vun dir.

Un wie a Sinder, wos derzehlt sein Sind,
Un s'klappt dos Harz un s'zittern die Glieder —
Redt klogendig dos Musik-Stick atzind,
Un s'trogt der Ton sich umetiger, mider,
Weint still, charotedig schoin, wie a Kind.

Un s'werd zekruchet, weicher dos Gebet,
Un s'mischt a Vorwurf sich arein in Klogen,
Un still arum a tunkler Umet weht
Un weckt in Harzen oif dos stumme Nogen,
Wos fihlt bei Niele sich, in Obend, schpet:

Der Tog zankt ois, die Sunn schlogt sich mit Nacht,
Der bunter Himmel farbt sich oif die Schoiben;
Vun Fasten mid noch der Gefihlen-Schlacht,
Du kuckst befreit un resignirt noch oiben —
Fihlst glicklich sich, wie einer, wos verschmacht.

A MELODY OF SCHUBERT

From out the orchestra sighs a sound, which rings at first like a still, choked down whining, as if endless sorrow had been stored up and would tremble forth mutely upon your lips, and would breathe out from you without a sound.

And like a sinner who tells his sin, his heart beating and his limbs a-tremble, the music now plaintively speaks and the tune now is wafted more melancholy and fatigued and cries silently, repentantly now like a child.

And the prayer becomes crushed, more soft, and a reproach is mingled now with the plaint, and the dark melancholy is wafted about and awakens in the heart that dumb gnawing, which is felt in the evening, late, at the last Atonement-day prayer:

The day is dying, the sun wrestles with night, the many coloured sky is tinted upon the window-panes; weary from the fast, after the battle of feelings you look up above, freed and resigned, and feel happy like one who sinks away powerless.

Wall Street Bei Nacht

Die enge Gass, wu frih'r an Oigenblick
Dos Leben hot getummelt un gebroist —
Sie schweigt atzund, nor toite Stillkeit hoist
Un wart, bis s'kummt dos Leben do zurick.

Do hoben Menschen es gesucht, dos Glick . . .
Dos kleine, nischtige hot sich gegroisst;
Do hot die Menschen-Chaje sich entbloisst,
Verschachert Seelen-Ruh var Silber-Stick.

Do schmeckt mit Blut, vun dannen schreit
Nekome,
Do hot vun Menschenkinder die Neschome
Gesoigt der Geld-Gott schoiderlich arois!

Zu wos der Larm gewen? Es schweigt die Nacht,
Hot still un schwarz a Ssof zum Larm gemacht,
Wet obwischen die Larmer oich — un ois!

WALL STREET AT NIGHT

The narrow street, where only a moment ago life has tussled and seethed, is silent now; only dead stillness hovers and waits till life will return here.

Here men have sought fortune . . . The petty, the insignificant has boomed itself here; here the human beast has bared itself, has bargained away peace of soul for silver coins.

Here blood is reeking, from here revenge shouts aloft, here Mammon has horribly sucked out the soul from human beings.

Why has all this noise been? The night is silent, has made an end silently and blackly to the noise, will blot out the noise-makers too — and that the end.

D. HOFSTEIN

Wos Boigstu Sich . . .

Wos boigstu sich, mein Seel?
Wos brummstu brustig tief?
Wos bodstu sich in Stoib,
Wos waschstu sich in Asch,
Wie Voiglen in a Hitz,
Wos hoben Furcht var Wasser
Un kihlen sich mit Erd,
Un frischen sich mit Mist?

Wos boigstu sich, mein Seel?
Wos brummstu brustig tief,
Wie Sott vun frischen Blut
Oif stummen roiten Stein,
Wie Sott wos werd nischt still
Vun Umschuld soiber-reiner,
Bis gloibig heisses Blut
Mit Zitter ihm begiesst.

Nu, boig-zshe sich, mein Seel,
Nu, brumm-zshe brustig tief,
Un wer vun Aschen klor,
Vun Bluten wer schoin rein,
Un wer vun Zitter mild,
Wer loiter schoin vun Weinen,
Un soll zu Licht dir sein
Dein groisser Broch — dein Riss!

WHY DOST THOU BEND

Why dost thou bend my soul? Why dost thou groan breast-deep? Why dost thou bathe in the dust? Why dost thou cleanse thyself with ashes, like birds in heat that are timorous of water and cool themselves with sod and refresh themselves with dung?

Why dost thou bend my soul? Why dost thou groan breast-deep? Like the seething of fresh blood on mute red stone; like the seething that never quiets down through chaste and pure innocence — until pious seething blood spills over it with tremour.

Bend then my soul, groan then from deep breast and be through ashes purified and cleansed through blood, and gentle through tremor, serene through weeping, and let thy great ruin and rift become a flood of light to thee.

Ich Weiss As Alz . . .

Ich weiss, as alz do geht vun Tiefen,
Ich weiss as alz vun Breiten geht,
Nor ch'hob ihm lieb dem Turem-Spitz vun
Stohl geschliffen,
Ch'hob lieb die Fohn, wos weist dem Wind
a Weg un Weit!

Un gring is mir mein roite Leid do trogen,
Un gring is garen noch noch neiem Glick
Wenn ich derseh, wie Machnes tut verjogen
Dein heisser schwerden-scharfer Blick.

Er is vun Blick vun deinem schoin verschwunden
Der bitterer, der alter Treren-Quall,
Un s'brennen hell in deine Oigen-Runden
Zwei grine Troppens Gall . . .

Un schenken Blut un March far helle Fohnen
Bin ich vun lang gewoint —
Ich gloib schoin lang, as stellen sich in
Welten-Kohnen
Loint!

Oif Erden Oifgerihrte . . .

Oif Erden oifgerihrte zwischen Walgersteiner,
In bejse Onfliehen vun schneidigen Gewitter,
Wos bin ich, wos beteit ich, einer,
Wos trogt sein Lebenslicht mit stillen Zitter?

I KNOW THAT EVERYTHING

(*To Russia*)

I know that everything here comes from depths. I know that everything here comes from broadness; but I love the tower's tip wrought of steel, I love the banner that shows the wind a way and distance!

And it is easy for me here to bear my scarlet sorrow, and it is easy yet to strive for new happiness when I behold how multitudes are driven away by Thy glowing sword-like piercing flash.

From Thy eyes has disappeared already that bitter, aged tear-source, and clearly are burning in Thy eyeballs two greenish drops of gall . . .

And I am long accustomed to contribute blood and marrow for bright banners — I do believe long ere that it is worth while to participate in World's Great Games.

ON UPTURNED SOIL

On upturned soil, between rolling stones, in angry onslaughts of bruising thunderstorms — what am I, what do I signify alone by myself, who bear my light of life with quiet trembling?

Der Jam erwacht in sudigen Geruder,
Es steigen Stromen vun die oifgeregte Tiefen —
Wos is er itzt, mein oisderwehlter Ruder,
Der hechster Segelboim oif meine Schiffen?

Ch'bin greit, in jeder Rege greit vertroien
Die zitterige Lebensflammen
Dem Har vun Churben un vun Boien,
Dem Har vun Erden un vun Jamen.

The sea awakens in seething tempest, currents mount from the disturbed depths — what avails now my chosen rudder, the tallest mast on my ships?

I am ready, ready every moment to entrust the flickering flames of life to the Master of destruction and upbuilding, to the Lord of continents and seas.

BER HOROWITZ

Oif'n Weg Zum Exerzierplatz

Dreihundert Mann in Reih un Glied.
Ein Schritt! Ein Tritt!

In der Morgensunn glanzen
Geputzte Gewehren.
Es skripet der Schnej,
Der Frost presst Treren,
Der Dech tut frieren.
Kommando : "Singen!"—(Die Offizieren).
Vun zweihundert Helser wie vun ein Hals
Mechtig schallt's :

"Troirig is mir, troirig, obends gleich wie
morgens — hej!
S'junge Harz meins nogen Wehtogen un Sorgen
— hej!

Naches meiner, Naches, sog, wu bistu wieder?
— Hej!
Oif a schwarzer Werbe setzt er sich anieder — Hej!

Iber Felder, Welder, wilde Winten wehen — hej!
Oif mein Harz dem jungen tun sei Umet sejen — hej!

Mame meine, Mutter, schod die Rois wos wjanet
— Hej!
Noch mehr schod der Suhn wos foilt oif fremde
Lanes — hej!

ON THE WAY TO THE DRILLING FIELD

Three hundred men in rank and file. One step! One pace!

Polished weapons glisten in the morning sun. The snow crunches, the frost forces tears, the breath congeals. The officers command, "Sing"!

From two hundred throats mighty it rings forth as if from one:

Sad am I, gloomy, evening as well as morning — hey! My young heart is devoured by aches and worries — hey!

My delight, my joy, tell me where are you now? — hey! Perching on a black willow tree — hey!

Wild winds blow over fields and forests — hey! In my young heart they are sowing sadness — hey!

Mother mine, mother, pity the rose that withers — hey! Pity still more the son that rots on foreign soil — hey!

O harber Troier
Vun ukrainische Lieder!
Schejn sent ihr un bitter
Wie Herbst Kaline-Krellen . . .
— — — — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — — — —
Dreihundert Mann in Reih un Glied,
Ein Schritt, ein Tritt!
Hej!
Wie in meine Oderen broisst warem dos Blut!
Un doch weiss ich gut,
As in der Minut
Weinstu noch mir bitter,
Mame!
Un ich fihl es gor
Wie oif dein teieren Kopp
Silbert sich noch ein Hoor . . .

Hej!
Un ich seh
Wie in der Minut
Oif a Kaukas-Barg
Gesegent sich deine a Schwester
Mit ihr blonden Suhn —
Sie presst ihm zu der Brust
Un kuscht ihm oif'n Steren,
Wuhin es wellen zielen Lufen
Vun dreihundert Gewehren.

Hej!
Un ich seh

O stinging grief of Ukrainian songs!
Thou art beautiful and bitter as beads of
water-elder in the fall . . .
— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Three hundred men in rank and file. One
step! One pace! Hey! How the blood
impetuously courses in my veins!
And yet I well know, that this very min-
ute you are bitterly crying for me, mother!
And I feel that on your dear head another
hair is turning silver . . .

Hey! And I see how this very minute
on a Caucasian mountain a sister of yours
is bidding her blond son farewell.— She
presses him to her breast and kisses his
forehead, at which muzzles from three
hundred rifles will aim.

Hey! and I see how this very minute un-

Wie in der Minut
Unter Neapels flammendiger Sunn
Begiesst ihr Ben-Jochid's schwarzen Kopp
Sein Mame mit salzige Treren — —

Du weiter teierer Bruder —
Un ich soll dein Merder weren! . . .

Jeschu Hanozri Isch Chrestos

Un sei gehen, gehen un gehen — —
Alz neie bewaffente Horden!
Machten, Maasen,
Reihen nuch Reihen,
Mit wilde Schreien
— Hispaalesdig —
Rinnen sei in Schlacht arein sich morden!

Un sei jogt noch,
Roit var Schand,
Mit offene Wunden
Farbendig dem brudnem Schnej,
Der vun'em Zelem arobgerissener Christus,
Jeschu —
Der jidischer Mensch,
Der menschlichster Mensch,
Wos is geworen
A goiescher Gott — — —

der the flaming sun of Naples a mother sheds salt tears on the raven head of her only son — —

You distant, dear brother — and I am to be your murderer! . . .

JESUS OF NAZARETH THE CHRIST

And they're marching, marching, marching. . . . Ever new armed hordes! Powers, masses, rows upon rows, with wild shouts — enthusiastically — they flow into battle to murder each other!

And pursuing them, red with shame, with gaping wounds coloring the dirty snow, the Christ torn from the cross — Jesus, the Jewish man, the most human man, who became a Gentile God — — —

Urloib

Hostu noch a Kijem, mein Heim?
Zi bistu gleich mit der Erd?
Woglen oif deine Bricken Menschen?
Kucken ois deine lichtige Fenster Ferd?

Ach hot uns Gott zeseit — mein Mame!
Endlich hoben mir sich getroffen!
A Naches is zu sein zusammen!
A verschlogen Wentel, an eng Kabinett,
A Heim in der Fremd . . .
S'is Obend, s'brennt der Lomp,
Ich lieg in Bett — —
Mein Mame sitzt beim Tischel
Un neht beim Licht.
Oif ihr teier Ponim spielt die Schein . . .

Sie ploidert : "Herst, mein Kind?" . . .
"Weisst, mein Suhn?" . . .
Naches . . . Stille gebenschte Freid — — —

In der Minut
Fallen Meluches,
Es starben Velker,
Geschicken vun Kinder toichen in Blut!
Mein Morgen is fremd —

Die heilige Hend mein Mames
Laten mir mein Hemd! . . .

ON LEAVE

Do you still exist, my hearth? Or are you razed to the ground? Are people roaming over your pavement? Are horses peering through your sunny windows?

Ah, did God part us—mother! At last we have found each other! It is comfort to be together! A boarded up door, a narrow closet, a home midst strangers . . . It is evening, the lamp is burning, I lie in bed — — My mother sits at the table and sews by the light. Its glow is playing upon her dear face . . .

She chatters: "Do you hear, my child?" . . . "Do you know, my son?" . . . Delight . . . Quiet, blessed joy . . .

At this moment empires collapse, nations perish, the fate of children is dipped in blood! My morrow is uncertain —

My mother's holy hands are mending my shirt! . . .

Mein Troierlied

S'hot mich arumgenummen der Troier
Wie die jungenke, grinenke Smerekes
Der Schnej
Mit sein schweren, groben Tallis . . .

Chutz dem tut mir gornischt weh . . .

MY SONG OF SADNESS

Sorrow engulfed me as the tender, green fir trees the snow with its heavy, thick prayer-shawl.

Barring that, nothing pains me . . .

S. J. IMBER

Ballade

Die Teg vull mit Sunnschein, die Necht vull mit Steren,
Un zeitenweis Sturems wenn Tog werd zu Nacht,
Un flatternde Bender, un Troiergewender,
Un Noit vun a Bettler, un firschtliche Pracht.
Oif'n Strom vun die Treren flegt kummen geschwummen
Dos Schiff mit die Lieder, dos seltene Schiff
Mit Oizres vun Lender, wos hoben kein Nomen,
Vun Jamen vun noch nischt gemosstener Tief.

Dos Schiff vun die Lieder hot Seglen wie Schneien,
Un Fihrer ihm sennen nor Gott un der Wind,
Un Zielen ihm sennen die Wolken-Gebeien —
Beim Steier flegt sitzen a troimendig Kind.
Mit Kischef geglett hot der langsamer Ruder
Die schoimige Wallen, wos willen nischt ruh'n —
Dos troimende Kind hot gerufen mich "Bruder" —
Un Gott's Kol in Wind hot gerufen mich "Suhn".

In Schiff vun die Lieder flegt steigen mein Seele,
Wie s'geht in Gan-Eden a Zadik arein —
Un s'flegen Gott's Steren in Strom vun die Treren
Wie Oigen verweinte verdopplen die Schein.
In ein halber Nacht is asoi wie in Kischef
Gegangen die Reise vun Eck bis Eck Welt —
Un wu nor a Nest vun a menschlichen Jischew,
Hob benschendig ich meine Hend oisgestellt

BALLAD

The days full of sunshine, the nights full of stars, and occasionally storms when day turns to night, and fluttering ribands, and mourning habiliments, and a beggar's want, and princely splendor. On the streams of the tears there used to come sailing the boat with the songs, the rare boat, with treasures from lands that have no name, from seas of as yet unmeasured depth.

The boat of the songs has snowy sails and its leaders are God and the wind, and its goals are fleecy clouds — at the steering wheel a dreamy child used to sit. The slow rudder would magically caress the foaming waves which refuse to rest — — the dreamy child would call me "brother" and God's voice in the wind called me "son."

My soul would enter the boat of songs, as a saint enters Paradise; and in the stream of tears God's stars would double the light like weeping eyes. In only a half night as if by magic the journey spanned from world's end to end, and wherever there was a nest of human settlement I spread my hands in benediction.

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Wie Schwer Gewicht . . .

Wie schwer Gewicht a zarte Wog
Bedrickt mein Harz der Troim vun dir,
A jeder scheidendiger Tog
Bezeichent frisch mit Blut mein Tir —
Un s'starbt mit jeden Morgenstrahl
Die Erschtgeburt vun mein Verlang,
Un Schklafen gehen frei un frank
Durch mein Neschome's blanken Saal.

Doch bet ich nischt dem Schmerz: "Bleib weit!"
Er is mein Voter — ich sein Kind — —
A kleine Schtrof is, wos ich leid —
Die Liebe is a groisse Sind.

Ch'hob oft geklert vun Gut un Bejs —
Doch Schlechts is gut un Guts is schlecht;
Wer weisst, zi nischt oif Gott's Geheiss
Es werd Gott's Heiligtum verschwecht — —
O Harz, vun Himmels Gnod zeschterts,
Ach efschar is es gor oif gut
Wenn schweigsam kummt der strenger Schmerz
Un schlogt dir Wunden mit sein Rut.

O Schmerz, wer sogt dir: "Geh, vermeid" — — ?
Du bist mein Voter — ich dein Kind — —
A kleine Schtrof is, wos ich leid —
Die Liebe is a groisse Sind.

LIKE HEAVY WEIGHT . . .

Like heavy weight upon a tender scale
so presses the dream of you upon my heart.
Every parting day marks my door afresh
with blood and with every morning ray
dies the first-born of my desire, and slaves
go quite freely about my soul's splendid hall.

Yet I do not beg the pain: "stay away!"
It is my father, I — it's child. 'Tis but
a little punishment I endure — love is a
great sin.

I often pondered good and evil, yet good
is evil and evil good; who knows if not at
God's behest God's sacrosanct is defiled. O
heart, by Heaven's mercy broken, per-
haps it is quite to the good when silently
comes the severe pain and wounds you with
its rod.

O pain, who says to thee: "Go, omit" — ?
Thou art my father, I thy child. 'Tis but
a little punishment I suffer — love is a
great sin.

The hour when I remain with thee alone,
thou woeful heart and full of wounds, she

Die Schoh, wenn ch'bleib mit dir allein,
Du Harz vull Weh un wundenvull,
Sie sitzt un kritzt a Kejwer-Stein,
O Harz vull Weh un wundenvull — —
Un jeden Tog kummt zu an Oss,
Bis ch'lein die Oifschrift Wort bei Wort:
O Harz, do is a Heilig Ort —
Un oif dein Hoffnung wachst dos Gros.

Doch sog nischt zu dem Schmerz: "Bleib weit!"
Er is dein Voter — du sein Kind.
Nemm on die Schtrof, mein Harz, un leid —
Die Liebe is a groisse Sind.

Er geht durch mir, der Weg vun Weh —
O Seele, Seele, bleib ohn Schreck.
O Gott, Du sehst mein Seele! Seh —
Sie kuscht die Stoiben oif Dein Weg — —
Ich sink, wie s'sinkt a Wog arob
Gefillt mit Oizres, nischt verschwendt — —
Die Hand vun Gott beigt on mein Kop,
Un s'fallt mein Trer in Seine Hend.

O Schmerz, ich bet dich nischt: "Vermeid" —
Du bist mein Voter — ich dein Kind.
A kleine Schtrof is, wos ich leid —
Die Liebe is a groisse Sind.

sits and engraves upon a tombstone, o woeful heart and full of wounds. And every day a letter is added, till I read the inscription word by word: O heart, this is a graveyard, and upon thy hope the grass is growing.

Yet bid not the pain: "stay away!" It is your father, you — its child. Accept the punishment, my heart, and endure it — love is a great sin.

The road of woe is passing through me, o soul, soul, be unafraid. O God, Thou seest my soul! See, it kisses the dust upon Thy road — — I sink as does a scale filled with unspent treasures; the hand of God bends down my head, and my tear falls into His hand.

O pain, I beg thee not: "Desist!" Thou art my father, I thy child. 'Tis but a little punishment I endure — love is a great sin.

Die Heilige Zwei

"Du Kind, wos willst a Froi mir weren,
Du Froi wos willst mir sein a Kind,
Die Schchine ruht doch oif dein Steren —
Un seh—die Menschen sennen blind!"

— Du Mann wos ch'will nor dir geheren,
Du Mann, du Kind — zu gut dein Wort!
Die Schchine ruht nischt oif mein Steren —
In deine Oigen is ihr Ort.

"Du Ruh wos Gott hot mir gegeben,
Du gresser Glick wie ch'hob begehrt,
Du liebe Umruh vun mein Leben —
O seh, wer weisst denn do dein Wert?"

—Du mider, ruh bei mir in Leben,
Du triber, los bei mir dein Trer,
Du starker — nemm mich mit in Schweben!
S'is gut, wos s'kenn mich keiner mehr.

"Du Harz, wos willst in dir mich schliessen,
Du Seel, wos leben willst in mir,
Mein Seele brennt doch dir zu Fissen —
Un seh, die Welt steht kalt var dir!"

—Ach seh, dein Seel brennt mir zu Fissen,
Un gor die Welt kuckt kalt oif mir—
O. lo'mir var der Welt verschliessen
Vun unser Heiligtum die Tir.

THE HOLY TWO

"Thou child, that wouldst be a woman unto me, thou woman, that wouldst be a child to me, the Holy Spirit resteth on thy brow — yet lo: the world is blind!"

— Thou man, to whom alone I would belong, thou man, thou child — too kind thy word! Not on my brow doth the Holy Spirit rest — in thine eyes is its dwelling place.

"Thou rest, vouchsafed to me by God, thou greater bliss, than e'en I sought, thou happy unrest of my life — behold, who knoweth here thy worth?"

— Thou weary one, rest thy life with me; thou sad one, drop thy tear with me; thou strong one, soar aloft with me! — 'Tis good none other knoweth thee.

"Thou heart that wouldst in thee enclose me, thou soul that in me wouldst dwell, my soul burneth at thy feet — yet lo: the world is cold before thee!"

— Ah see, thy soul burneth at my feet, yet all the world looks coldly at me — oh let us shut against the world the portal of our sacrosanct.

Mein Schwester-Kalle

Vun alle Millionen Menschen-Oigen
In Sissigkeit dos oisderwehlte Poor;
Wie Seele duftendige glatte Hoor —
Un iber sei der Liebe's Strahlenboigen.

A Steren, loiter wie a Kind's Gedank,
Un Hend, wos hoben keinmol mich geglett,
Un Lippen, wu nor Emess werd geredt
Un wu a jedes Wort is siss Gesang.

Un in der zwei-un-zwanzig jehriger Brust
A Harz, wos hot kein Sind noch nischt gewusst,
Un wos der Otem vun der Liebe's Gott
Kritzt teglich nei in ihm sein Zehnt Gebot.

Un in dem gottgebenschten, tiefen Harz
A Strom vun Mitleid far mein Jam vun Schmarz.

MY SISTER-BRIDE

Among all the millions of human eyes the chosen pair in sweetness. Smooth hair, fragrant like soul — and above it the aureole of love.

A forehead, clear as a child's thought, and hands that never did caress me yet, and lips, where only truth is spoken and where every word is sweet song.

And in the two-and-twenty year old breast a heart that knew of no sin, and where the breath of the god of love daily writes anew his Tenth Commandment.

And in the blessed, deep heart a stream of pity for my sea of pain.

Begleitschaft

Mein Jugend geht mit leichte Tritt
Oif meine schwere Wegen mit.

Zwei Kinder loifen bei mein Seit:
Die Klugschaft mit der Narischkeit.

Die Liebe schwebt vorois, vorois,
Un ruht oif goldne Decher ois.

Un noch mir geht die Eibigkeit,
Un scheptschet trejstendige Reid.

COMPANIONSHIP

My youth accompanies me with light steps upon my wearisome ways.

Two children run at my side: Wisdom and Folly.

Love soars ahead, ahead, and rests on golden roofs.

And behind me goes eternity and whispers words of solace.

L. JAFFE

Mein Lied

Ich hob dos Lied vun Volk, mein Lebenslied gesungen
In fremde Klangen, in a fremder Sprach ;
Es hot gerissen sich zum Himmel un geklungen
Vun fremde Obklangen vertoibt un schwach.

Die Fremd hot kalt un groisam oisgesoigt die Koiches,
Ich hob in Pein mein Oizar nit gehit;
Es is geblieben nit geeffent der Poroiches
Far mir in Bejs-Hamikdosch vun dem Lied.

Es sennen ongesapt mit Toi vun Pein die Fliglen,
Sei sennen schwer un mid vun Wanderweg;
Es welen andere schoin effenen die Rieglen
Vun Heiligtum in lichtigere Teg.

Ich weiss, es wellen andere Lewijim tronen
In Lied vun Volk un singen rein un hell,
Un efschar wellen sei amol oich dem dermonen,
Wos is gestannen troierig beim Schwell.

MY SONG

The song of the people, my life-song I sang in foreign tones, in a foreign language. It strode toward the sky and rang weak and deafened by strange echoes.

The foreign country coldly and brutally sucked away my strength, in anguish I did not guard my treasure, the Veil remained unopened for me in the Sanctuary of Song.

With dew of anguish the wings are drenched, they are heavy and weary of the roaming path; others will unbolt the bars of the Sanctum in brighter days.

I know, other Levites will reign in the song of the people and sing clearly and bright, and perhaps they will sometimes also recall the one who stood sorrowful at the threshold.

DAVID KENIGSBERG

Is Der Erschter Schritt Gemacht . . .

Is der erschter Schritt gemacht —
Weiter fihrt der Weg allein;
Wel ich in a bloier Nacht
Iber Rois un Doren gehn.

Wel ich leben in der Klemm
Zwischen Schmerz un zwischen Lust;
Spinnen wel ich mir a Schem
Vun die Strahlen vun mein Brust.

Ontun wel ich mir a Kroin
Un a Singer wel ich sein — —
O, ich fihl, es zieht mich schoin
Dichter-Masel mit sein Pein.

Der Leichtturm

Wos is a Leichtturm? Blois an einsam Lecht,
Wos leicht arois in Sturem vun dem Jam.
Wenn Wind un Wall dos schwache Schiff zebrecht,
Greicht weit in Jam arois sein helle Flamm.

Un s'kummen die Schiffbrochige zum Breg
Vull Freid wos die Ssakone is varbei;
Dort klingt die Ssimche demolt a poor Teg,
Un lustig Leben hilcht un Freidgeschrei.

THE FIRST STEP MADE . . .

The first step made — the road will further lead by itself. So in a blue night I shall go over rose and thorn.

I shall live badly pressed twixt grief and joy; out of the rays in my bosom I shall spin my fame.

A crown I shall put on and shall be a singer — — Oh, I feel already drawn by the poet's fate and its misery.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

What is a lighthouse? Just a solitary light, glowing forth midst the tempestuous sea. Its bright flare reaches far out to the sea, when wind and gale wreck the frail boat.

And ashore come the shipwrecked, joyful that the peril is over; there joy endures for a few days and merriment and shouts of gladness rejoice.

Un wenn der Horizont geleitert werd,
Ziehn ois oifs nei in Jam arois die Gest —
Un er bleibt iber oif der Midbor-Erd,
An einsam un an obgeschlossen Nest.

S'will sich nischt sein asoi, nischt sein allein,
In Harzen orem un oisweisen reich —
S'will sich in mitten vun dem Sturem gehn,
Un hoffen, leiden dort mit jeden gleich.

Wos is a Leichtturm? Nor an einsam Lecht,
Chotsch alle garen sich zu ihm vun Jam.
Wenn andre schiffen sich oif Chwaljes recht —
In Midbor troirig benkt sein reiche Flamm.

A Harzensgeliebte, A Freind, A Getreier . . .

A Harzensgeliebte, a Freind, a getreier,
A Tisch un a Bett un an eigene Heim,
A-dos is der Koren un dos is der Scheier,
Un dos is der Himmel vun welchen ich treim.

Dos sennen die Freiden, wos ich will geniessen —
Far wemen s'is wenig, mir is es genug.
Un ich wel zeteilen oif dreien mein Bissen,
Un stehn wel ich losen dem Wein vun mein Krug.

And when the horizon has cleared up, the guests make anew for the sea — and the lighthouse remains on its desert soil, a lonesome and secluded nest.

One does not want to be thus, to be lonesome so much, poor at heart and rich in appearance — one wants to step out in the very midst of the tempest, and hope and suffer there with all alike.

What is a lighthouse? Just a lonesome light, though all the seafaring people long for it. When boats are craftily sailing the sea, its gorgeous blaze is sadly yearning in its desert.

A DEARLY BELOVED . . .

A dearly beloved, a devoted friend, a table, a bed and a home of one's own — this is the grain and this is the barn and this is the heaven, of which I dream.

These are the joys I want to indulge in, be they ever so scanty — for me they suffice; and I shall cut into three shares my morsel, and untouched I shall leave the wine in my jug.

Steht Still Un Schweigendig . . . .

Steht still un schweigendig der schwarzer Wald,
S'gliht iber ihm a blutig roiter Pass
Wu s'is die Sunn vergangen. Schmarzensblass
Hengt oif'n Kreiz a mannsbilsche Gestalt.

Un Selner stehn var ihm achsorisch-kalt,
Beschpetten un belachen ihm mit Hass:
"Itzt, Melech un Moschiach du, beweis
A Ness vun jenem Gott, wos mit dir halt!"

Un Er heibt oif dos mide Oig vull Leid
Un seht — sei warfen Goirel oif sein Kleid;
Durch seine Glieder geht a Fieberfrost.

Er kuckt zum Himmel, un mit letzter Macht
Reisst durch sein Kol die Stillkeit vun der Nacht:
Ach Gott, mein Gott, wos hostu mich verlost!

Awrom Un Lot

"Wenn groisse Beimer wachsen nohnt beinand
Kummt durch die Zweigen sei kein Sunnschein hell ;
Sei stehen sich in Weg, verkripplen schnell,
Un wjanen beide troirig Hand in Hand.

Do far uns beide is zu eng dos Land,
Zu wenig Wasser hot far uns der Quell,

CALM AND SILENT . . .

Calm and silent stands the black forest, over it glows a bloody red stripe where the sun has set. Pale with pain a man's figure is extended upon the cross.

And soldiers stand before him cruel, cold, ridiculing and scorning him with hate: "Now, you King and Messiah, do show some miracle, some token of the god that is your aid!"

And He raises His weary eye full of pain and sees — the're casting lots for his garment; through his limbs a fever-frost is running.

He looks towards the sky — and with last effort his voice cleaves the silence of the night: "Oh, God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!"

ABRAHAM AND LOT

"When tall trees grow in close proximity no bright sunshine reaches them through their boughs; they are in each other's way, are soon crippled, and wither lamentably together.

"This land is rather small to hold us both, there is a water shortage in the well,

Zu nohnt is unser beidens Hois-Tir's Schwell,
Zu nohnt, zu nohnt is unser Woin-Stub's Wand.

Pamelech — un der Scholem uns verschwindt,
Oft in Gekrieg kummt unser Hoisgesind;
Un besser wet uns vun der weiten sein.

Oich vun der weiten wet mit uns sein Gott."
Un beide sennen sich ohn Hass zegahn,
Kejn Zoffen Awrom un kejn Dorem Lot.

too near are the thresholds of our doors,
too near, too near the walls of our abodes.

"Gradually our peace will vanish, quite frequently our households get into a quarrel; and better off we will be when gone apart.

"Also in our parted state God will be with us". — And so they parted without hate, northbound Abraham and southward Lot.

J. KISSIN

New York

O erschte, wunderlichste zwischen Stedt!
Du herrschst mit deine Bahnen un Fabriken
Un Moieren, Tunnelen, Schiffen, Bricken;
Dein Otem — Dampf un Elektrizitet.

Du ziehst un ziehst zu sich wie a Magnet
Un soigst wie a Vampyr mit deine Blicken.
Bleich wie dein Himmel fliesst varbei Fabriken
Un Moieren dein Hudson in sein Bett.

Wie wunderlich dein Zoiber un Beroischung!
Wie blind dein Tog oif dein stohl-harter Brust!
Wie hell dein Nacht! Wie ungezoimt dein Lust!

Wie tief dein Thoim vun Troier un Enttoischung!
Wie schejn dein Herbst, wenn hoich un farbenreich
Die Palisaden drimlen oif dein Teich . . .

NEW YORK

O foremost, most wonderful among cities! You dominate with your railroads and factories, and stone buildings, tunnels, ships and bridges. Your breath — steam and electricity.

Magnet-like, you draw and draw unto yourself and vampire-like you suck with your glances. Pale, like your sky, your imbedded Hudson flows by factories and huge walls.

How marvelous your sorcery and intoxication! How blind your day on your hard steel breast! How light your night! How unfettered your lust!

How deep your abyss of grief and balked hope! How beautiful your Autumn, when the Palisades, tall and richly hued, are lost in slumber on your river . . . .

Ich Bin A Kleine Well . . .

Ich bin a kleine Well,
Un du — der breiter Breg.
Vun a verborgener Hand getrieben
Loif ich schnell
Oif mein ongemerkten Weg
Zu dir, mein breiten, schweren, triben Breg.
Un in an eibig lieben Ligen
Wet dich mein kurzes Lied verwiegen—
Ich bin dein Troim.
Bald westu mich vun sich vertreiben,
Wet oif a Weil vun mir do bleiben
Abissel Schoim.

I AM A LITTLE WAVE. . .

I am a little wave, and thou — the wild shore. Urged by an unseen hand I hasten on my appointed path to thee, my broad, dread, dismal shore. And into an eternal sweet delusion my little song will lull thee — I am thy dream. Soon wilt thou drive me from thee, yet of me shall linger for a while a little foam.

RACHEL H. KORN

Die 31 Kemlen

Es messten durch Sahara's weiss zeglihte Samden
Einundreissig Kemlen schwer beloden
Mit der Masse vun mein nischt gestillten
Benkenisch,
Mit'n Oizar vun geheiligt Hoffen.
Loifen sei geschmissen in die Seiten
Mit hundert glihendige Goirel-Beitschen.

S'streckt antkegen sei in foiler Midkeit
Ihr glihig broinem Leib Sahara.
Groisse Odlers fochen iber ihr mit Flieglen-Fechers,
Un die Leiben mit die Flammen-Griwes
Brummen ihr in Sterennecht a Wieglied
Stolz un heiss wie seier Samd-Meluche.

Gehen einundreissig Kemlen
Zwischen weisse Karawanes
Vun Skeletten oisgebleichte,
Mit dem Choissem vun Vernichtung
In die treie Oigen —
Gehen einundreissig Kemlen
In dem Midbor-Land Sahara
Ohn a Weiser, ohn a Fihrer.

THE 31 CAMELS

Through the white burning sands of Sahara thirty-one camels trudge heavily laden with the load of my unassuaged yearning, with the treasure of sacred hope. They run lashed on every side by a hundred glowing fate-whips.

Against them Sahara stretches her feverish brown body in indolent weariness. Gigantic eagles fly over her with flaming wings, and the lions with their flaming manes soothe her on starry nights with a lullaby, proud and sweltering like their sandy domain.

Thirty-one camels trudge among white caravans of bleached skeletons with the stamp of annihilation in their faithful eyes.

Thirty one camels in the desert land Sahara make their way without a leader, without a guide.

M. KULBAK

Derkentenisch

Schwer gelegen oif der Erd
Un zugesehn — — —
Ch'hob zugehert
Die roihe Berg un Pleinen vun dos Nei.
Ruhig dremmelt die Neschome
Wos is schoin umetum gewen —
Nor s'tracht der Kerper ssaj wie ssaj,
Wie s'tracht dos Feld;
Wie bei die Teichen trachten Werbes lome
Dem Gang vun Welt.

Du, ahinter alle Toieren,
Wos ch'seh Dich nit —
Du host arumgehongen finklendig Dein Woin
Mit Schleieren — —
Ich zieh Dein Masse mit,
Un ch'stoin
Beim Hilch vun Deine Tritt.

Dos Ziegele

Ich treib arois in Feld dos weisse Ziegele
Es soll sich fitteren allein —
Dos weisse Ziegele wos ch'hob es obgekoift
Far zwei Gildejn.
Far zwei Gildejn,

PERCEPTION

Heavily I lay on the ground and watched. — — I have listened anew to the raw hills and plains. The soul that visited every place now slumbers in peace. Yet the body muses just as the field is musing, as the gnarled willows at the rivers muse over the way of the world.

Thou, behind all gates, whom I do not see — hast glitteringly covered Thy abode with veils — I drag Thy load along, and I am astonished at the rebound of Thy footsteps.

THE KID

I chase the kid into the pasture to graze at ease — the white kid that I bought for two silver coins, for two silver coins.

Nor mit die Lonkes geht awek, awek dos Ziegele
Un ch'geh ihm noch,
In alte Welder, pusste Felder blonsen mir
Die ganze Woch,
Die ganze Woch.

Un Freitog halben Tog bleibt stehn dos Ziegel
Gor umgericht,
Un ich derseh : het weit is oisgeschpreit a Land
In bloien Licht,
In bloien Licht.

A Land — a Land
Wu Inden hoieren oif alle Bergelech,
Wu s'schloft der Bufflochs neben dem Wieseltier;
A Land — a Land,
A zitterdiges, a vercholemtes,
Wos konn verloiren gehn vun jeden Rihr . . .

Der Tog vergeht. Dos weisse Ziegele liegt
neben mir,
Un oich dos Ziegele wet bald vergehn,
Un oich dos Ziegele, wos ch'hob es obgekoift
Far zwei Gildejn,
Far zwei Gildejn . . .

But the kid wanders off through the meadows and I follow. Through old forests, through vacant fields we stray the entire week, the entire week.

And on Friday, at noon, the kid halts of a sudden, and I see: a land, far away, outspread in blue light, in blue light.

A land — a land where hinds are hovering on every hillock, where the buffalo sleeps at the side of the weasel; a land — a land, tremulous, dreamy, that may vanish at the slightest touch.

The day is passing. The white kid lies at my side, and the kid too will vanish soon, even the kid that I bought for two silver coins, for two silver coins . . .

S. KURZ

Kalte Tuschen

Kalte, quallige Schejnkeit vun weisse, winterdige
Wasseren giesst sich, giesst, iber
Mein heiligen, juligen Gemit. Poierim beim Schnitt
Singen Greitung far'n Winter. Oif mein Tisch
der Tinter
Loicht sunnigbloien Willen far Gesang;
die summerdige Seidportieren oif'n Stang
Singen ob die Letzte Summerwinten iber'n
Korb mit Hyazinten bei meine Fiss.

Kalte, quallige Schejnkeit vun weisse, winterdige
Wasseren giesst sich, giesst, iber
Mein heissen juligen Gemit. Wie schejn der
Frost hot sich zebliht
Un gliht arein in Summer; sich zebliht wie
a weisser, frummer
Soken oif a grinem beschoirenem Feld,
mit a verloirenem
Cholem vun Tamus, ziehendig schwache,
julige Games.

Kalte, quallige Schejnkeit vun weisse, winterdige
Wasseren giesst sich, giesst sich,
Fliesst, iber
Mein heissen
Juligen Gemit.

COLD SHOWERS

Cold, bubbling beauty of white, wintry waters pours down, pours over my holy, July mood. Peasants at harvest sing preparedness for the winter. The inkwell on my table glows with sun-blue desires for singing. The summery silken curtains on the rods sing to end the last summerwinds over the basket of hyacinths at my feet.

Cold, bubbling beauty of white, wintry waters pours down, pours over my hot July mood. How beautifully the frost has blossomed and glittered into summer; blossomed like a white-haired pious aged man on a green clipped field, with a lost midsummer dream, humming frail July scales.

Cold, bubbling beauty of white, wintry waters pours down, pours down, flows over my hot July mood.

AHRON KUSCHNIROFF

Ch'wel Nischt Oifhengen . . .

Ch'wel nischt oifhengen mein Harfe oif Boimer —
Far alle Winten ihr Spiel . . .
Ich vermog schoin afile in Troim nit
Kein Land vun Honig un Milch.

In Neschome a Meisele schkrabet —
Zi Taten's, zi Sejden's a Nigen,
Nor die Tir vun mein eigenem Schabes
Hot Woch mit a Steren verriegelt.

Zemohlt mich, zemohlt wie a Kerendel,
Mihlsteiner vun alle Zeiten,
Oib durch dem wet weren nor
Der Morgensteren wie an Eppel zeitig.

Liegt Mein Erd . . .

Liegt mein Erd a durschtige un heisse
Mit verschmachte, lechzendige Lippen —
Bloier Frihling hot oif ihr nit oisgetrejsselt
Die gebenschte regensvulle Sippen.

Nit geschallt oif ihr hot Summer heller
Mit zeblitzten dunnerdigen Horn . . .
Ach, umsusst, umsusst itzt garen Felder
Noch a satten Lied vun reifen Korn.

I SHALL NOT HANG MY HARP. . .

I shall not hang my harp on trees — to all winds is given its sound. Even in my dream I possess no land of honey and milk any more.

In my soul a little mouse scratches — either father's or grandfather's tune; but the door of my own Sabbath the weekdays have bolted with a star.

Grind me, grind me to a granule, grinding stones of all time, if only thus the morning star will ripen like an apple.

MY SOIL LIES

My soil lies thirsty and hot, with parched and languishing lips — blue spring did not shake out over her the blessed rain-holding sieves.

The clear summer failed to resound over her with lightning nd thundering bugle.
— Ah, in vain, in vain do fields yearn for a sated song of ripe rye.

Nit kein satten, nor a hungerigen Nigen
Zu Schparunes-Oieren vun Ploiten . . .
Un es gliweren bei Windmihlen die Fliegel —
Hend verbrochene in Wehtug . . .

Rassjeja

O bloie, oifgeflammte Gegend
Mit Scharf vun Troim oif Welt verstreckt,
Oif groien Knoil vun deine Wegen
Hob ich gewickelt meine Teg.

Un wer wet jenem Weh zewehen,
Un wos konn stillen mein Gefihl
Far wilden Sott vun deine Schnejen,
Wos hot mein Misroch-Blut gekihlt.

Oif hellen Ruf vun deine Fohnen
Hob ich mit Leib un Harz gewagt,
Nor host gezejlemt mein Akschones
Mit zarte Finger vun a Hack . . .

Un nit, as Oifgang soll bekroinen
Dein Himmelsoim hob ich gelechzt,
Wenn s'hot mein nit-beschitzte Woinung
Gefleckt mit Ssrejfes deine Necht.

Nor Harz is wach zu Brois vun Hymnen,
Nor jeder Wort mit Loib zebliht
Far milden Klang vun deine Himmlen,
Wos trieft in Strengkeit vun mein Lied.

Not a sated but a hungry melody to creviced ears of fences . . . And the arms of the windmills stiffen — arms wrung in anguish. . .

RUSSIA

O blue, blazing region, with vividness of dream thrust upon the world — around the grey spool of your roads I wound my days.

And who will dissolve that woe, and what can ease my sentiment for the savage hissing of your snows that cooled my eastern blood?

At the clear call of your banner's I dared with my body and heart, but you crucified my obstinacy with the tender fingers of a cleaver. . .

So I did not wish that Sunrise should crown your sky-rim, when my unprotected dwelling-place flecked with fire-brands your nights.

Yet the heart is awake to the roar of hymns, yet every word blossoms with praise for the gentle sound of your skies that drips in sternness from my song.

Starb Mein Geschrei . . .

Starb, starb, mein Geschrei, west mimejle
In Himmlen nischt weren derhert . . .
Nacht hot vermossten dem Moiled,
Wie a Messer iber'n Hals vun der Erd.

Bald wet Stillkeit sich onhoiben wargen
Mit hintischen zereizten Bill . . .
Ober Nacht wet nischt oifheren hargenen,
Ober keiner wet nischt kummen zu Hilf.

Is var wemen, var wemen itzt fallt men
Beten Rachmim far sich un far eich —
Wenn derschrockene Steren behalten sich
In die stohlene Kneitschen vun Teich.

PERISH, MY OUTCRY. . .

Perish, perish, my outcry — you will anyway not be heard in heaven. . . Night has swung the crescent, like a knife against the throat of the earth. . .

Soon stillness will begin to suffocate with the excited bark of dogs. . . But night will not cease to slay, yet no one will come to aid. . .

So, before whom, before whom shall I kneel down now praying for mercy for me and for you — when frightened stars hide themselves in the steely wrinkles of the river?

L. KWITKO

Ich Soll Chotsch Endigen

Ich soll chotsch endigen mein dinnink Fiedele,
Wos ch'schnitz un tesse es a ganzen Frih.
Vun Schweblech-Kestelech, mit Finger fiebersche
Ich schnitz un tesse es a ganzen Frih.

Bejs Gewitter, wart a Weil vun jenner Seit!
Ich mus vertessen noch dem Unterteil.
Un du, Toit, steh a Weil beim Schwell un
wach oif mir —
Ich mus vergletten noch dem Oiberteil.

Ot stellen Stifftelech in glatten Helsele,
Un ziehen Herelech oif ganzer Leng.
Die Rozchim huljen schoin in Hoif dem
schchejnischen,
Un schoin verhackt mein Tir mit seier Blick.

O, noch a Herele vun Kopp in Fiedele . . .
O, Liebe, zitter nischt, los — noch a Hoor . . .
A kleinink Fiedele dem blassen Kindele,
O, soll es sein ihm nor zu lange Johr!

O THAT I MIGHT FINISH. . .

O that I might finish my slender little fiddle that I carve and hew a whole morning. Out of matchboxes with feverish fingers, I carve and hew it the whole morning.

Fierce tempest, wait awhile on the other side, I still have to shape the lower part. And you, Death, stay at the threshold in vigilance, I have yet to polish the top-piece.

Now to insert tiny pegs in the smooth frail neck and draw fine hair throughout its length. The murderous band is revelling in the neighboring courtyard and my door is already caught by their glance.

O, another tendril of the head for the little fiddle. . . O, beloved, don't quiver — let's have another hair. . . A wee little fiddle for the wan little kiddie. O that he live to use it for many and many a year.

Ejssew

Ejssew,
Bewachsener, gebenscht mit schmeckendigen Feld!
Dir kummt vun mir a greiser Choiw,
Er liegt versunken in mein Tief,
Begroben in meine verschottene Oizres . . .

Ejssew,
Still, hinter deine Pleitzes,
Still hob ich gesoigen die Reiches vun dein Masel,
Dos kreftige Getrank
Vun dir, Ejssew, schmeckendigen Feld.

Ejssew,
Horiger, mit blinden Tatens Broche
Oif Walden-Kopp,
Oif milden, blonden —
Mohn mich nit atzund . . . Mohn mich nit atzund . . .
Tropenweis Deins is eingesunken
In mein greisen Umet.
Tropenweis oisgehoicht
Mit alle toisenter Neschomes
Oif Asch vun Gang,
Oif Asch vun Sein . . .

ESAU

Esau, shaggy, blessed with the fragrance of the field, I owe you an ancient debt; it lies sunken in my depth, burried in my interred treasures. . .

Esau, hushed, behind your back quietly I sucked the flavors of your fate, the potent beverage of you, Esau, redolent of fields.

Esau, hairy, with blind father's blessing on jungle-head mild and fair — do not dun me now. . . Do not dun me now. . . Drop by drop it has sunk in my hoary sadness. Drop by drop it has oozed out with all my countless souls on the ashes of the route, on the ashes of existence. . .

Ejssew,
Oif breiten breiten Peinen-Flach vun
Schimmel-Uralt
Is oisgespinnt,
Oisgestrickt,
Oisgestickt,
Mein uralt Harz,
Mein greiser Troim,
Mein tunkel-glanzig Kucken . . .
Such dort, such . . .
Ejssew,
Kehr sich um zu deine Schepselech,
Zu deine schmeckendige Quallen,
Leg aroif dein Hand oif sei,
Dein horig alte Hand . . .

Esau, on the wide, wide torment-plains of mouldy antiquity there is spun, woven, embroidered my ancient heart, my aged dream, my tarnished look. . . Seek there, seek. . . Esau, return to your ewes and lambs, your balmy wells, lay your hand on them, your hairy ancient hand. . .

SISCHO LANDAU

Is Der Heiliger Baal-Schem-Tow . . .

Is der heiliger Baal-Schem-Tow in Feld
umgegangen,
Baginen in Feld in dem kalten gegangen,
Es hoben vun Zoffen geblosen die Winten,
Kalt un frostig hoben geblosen die Winten,
As s'hoben genummen ihm frieren die Glieder;
Un s'hot mit verfroirene Glieder
Der heiliger Baal-Schem-Tow geeffent die Lefzen
Un hot oif'n Kol sich zesungen —
Asoi hoben seine geeffente Lefzen
Gesungen, gesungen, gesungen:
"As woil is zu dem, wos hot soiche gewesen
Dein Wind soll amol ihm berihren,
As woil is zu mir, wos ch'hob soiche gewesen
Vun Kelten vun Deine zu frieren ;
As woil is zu mir un as woil is un woil,
As woil is un woil is un woil."

Un durschtig die frostige Luft alz getrunken
Un wieder in tiefe Machschowes versunken.
Un einzigweis is in dem Himmel arois
A Sunn asoi flammig un groiss,
As wie in Gehinem geworen is heiss,
Vun Ponim gerinnen hot troppenweis Schweiss,
Un s'hot in dem brennenden Feld
Kein Wintel zumol nit geweht;
Nor plutzim sich hot durch'n brennenden Feld

THE HOLY BAAL-SHEM . . .

The holy Baal-Shem-Tov walked through the fields, in early dusk he walked through the cold fields. From the north the winds were blowing, cold and frosty the winds were blowing, so that his limbs began to freeze; and with frozen limbs the holy Baal-Shem-Tov opened his lips and began to sing in a loud voice — thus his opened lips sang on: "Much blessed the man who was found worthy to be touched by Thy winds; much blessed am I who have been found worthy to freeze from Thy colds; how blessed am I and how blessed and blessed, how blessed and blessed and blessed." And thirstily he drank the frosty air and back he sank into deep thoughts.

And lonely the sun rose in the sky, a sun so flaming and huge, that hot it became even as in purgatory, the sweat ran in heavy drops from the face, and not a breeze was blowing in the burning fields. But suddenly the voice of the Baal-Shem-Tov spread

Dos Kol vun Baal-Schem-Tow zeschpreit;
Dos hot der Baal-Schem-Tow gesungen,
A Loib zum Bescheffer gesungen:
"Far Kelten un Hitzen, far Sunn un far Regen,
Far Tog un far Nacht Dir a Loib!
Far alles, wos Du schickst dem Menschen akegen
A Loib Dir, a Loib Dir, a Loib!
Un woil is zu mir, wos ich wer itzt verbrennt,
Vun Fajeren Deine verbrennt.
Un oib ich bin soiche un Du host beschert
Zu fallen vun Durschtigkeit itzt oif Dein Erd —
Wie woil is zu mir un wie woil is un woil,
Un woil is un woil is un woil . . . "

Un Diskutirendig Beim Tisch . . .

Un diskutirendig in der Cafe beim Tisch
Die Rolle, wos es spielen in dem Krieg die
Aeroplanen,
Die Tanks, die Submarinen, un die Lage
vun'em Terk,
Un ssara Enderungen welen sein oif die Balkanen —
Hob ich in Hitz vun Diskussion derfihlt
Wie s'kucken mild un weich oif mir die
Oigen deine.

Ch'hob umgedreht zu dir mein Kopp un ch'hob
dersehn
In sei a Glanz, wos ich wel nit vergessen!

over the burning field. Thus the Baal-Shem-Tov sang, thus he sang praise to the Creator: "For coldness and heat, for sun and for rain, for day and for night be Thou praised! For all Thou sendest to meet a human being praised be Thou, praised be Thou, praised! And blessed am I who am burned now, burned by Thy fires. And if I am found worthy and Thou hast willed it that I now fall upon Thy earth, tormented by thirst — how blessed am I and how blessed and blessed, how blessed and blessed and blessed!"

DISCUSSION

And while sitting at the table in the cafe, and discussing the part played in the war by aeroplanes, submarines, and tanks, discussing the position of the Turk, and what changes are impending in the Balkans — in the heat of the discussion I suddenly felt your eyes looking at me gently and soft. I turned my head toward you and saw in your eyes a radiance, which I shall not forget. And

Un klor geworen is mir mit amol,
As s'flihen hoich die Aeroplanen,
As s'schwimmen tief die Submarinen,
As s'sennen wirksam Tanks, wie alz wos
England tut,
As ssof-kol-ssof wet epes weren mit'n Terk,
As Enderungen welen sein oif die Balkanen. —
Nor wos wet sein mit mir,
Mit mir un dir —
Mit uns?

A Winkel vun dein Moil ohn Oifher hot gezuckt,
Hostu gefihlt dos selbige wos ich?

Wer Fihrt Die Alle Schiffen . . .

Wer fihrt die alle Schiffen,
Wos gehen oif dem Jam?
— Gott fihrt die alle Schiffen,
Wos gehen oif dem Jam.

Wer schickt die linde Winten,
Wos wehen Obend-Zeit?
— Gott schickt die linde Winten,
Wos wehen Obend-Zeit.

Wer spielt sich mit die Kinder,
Un teil nemmt er zu sich?
— Gott spielt sich mit die Kinder,
Un teil nemmt Er zu sich.

it became clear to me at once that the aeroplanes were flying high, that the submarines were floating deep, that tanks were efficient, as everything that England does, that in the end something would happen to the Turk, that changes would come in the Balkans. But what will become of me, of me and you—of us? A corner of your mouth was constantly twitching — have you felt the same as I?

WHO STEERS . . .

Who steers all the ships that sail the sea? God steers all the ships that sail the sea.

Who sends the gentle breezes that blow at eventide? God sends the gentle breezes that blow at eventide.

Who frolics with the children and takes some away to himself? God frolics with the children and takes some of them to himself.

Un wemen hert men singen
Arum uns allemol?
— Die kleine Kinder singen
In Himmel allemol.

Dos Lied Vun Weissen Ziegele

Weiss wie mein Mames Nomen,
Wie die Lewone rein,
Frisch wie die Frihlings-Stromen
Kumm ich zu eich zu gehn.

Ich trog vun Werter dinne
Die mild verhoichte Weit,
Ich trog vun Felder grine
Dos zitterdige Kleid.

Die Malke vun der Majsse
Mit mir ineinem schpannt,
Dos Ziegele dos weisse
Zupt Greslech vun mein Hand.

Mein Pawe hot die Fliegel
Die goldene zeschpreit;
Die Nacht liegt unter Riegel,
Die Schreck liegt oif a Keit.

And whom do we hear singing about us all the time? The little children are singing in heaven all the time.

THE SONG OF THE WHITE KID

White as my mother's name, chaste as the moon, fresh as spring showers I come to you.

I convey the mildly veiled distance of slender words, I carry the murmurring garment of green fields.

The queen of the fairy tale walks along with me, the white kid nibbles at the grass in my hand.

My peacock has spread its golden wings; the night lies under a bolt, the terror lies enchained.

B. LAPIN

Gott

S'hot noch Gott in mein Harz mit sein Ruh,
Wie a Wanderer kummt Er zu mir.
S'heft mein Tfile zu Ihm sich nit zu —
Oftmol trefft, as Er weicht ois mein Tir.

Derfar schreckt mich sein einsam asoi,
Wie dos Harz vun a Merder nit rein;
Meine Hoor — nit zu weren schnell groi —
Wie verfroirenes Gros bleiben stehn.

Ch'bin mekane die Fih oif dem Feld
Un dem Passtuch daneben, wos hit:
S'hot nit einmol a Blitz sei behellt,
Un a Hogel dem Kopp sei beschitt.

GOD

God has not yet His rest in my heart, as a wanderer He comes to me. My prayer does not cling to Him — very often He omits my door.

Therefore I am so much afraid of loneliness, afraid to be unclean like a murderer's heart; my hair — in fear of early greying — fade, like grass caught by the frost.

I envy the cattle in the field and the shepherd who guards them: Often lightning has enlightened them and hail has fallen upon their head.

Nit Besiegt . . .

Nit besiegt sich noch in ganzen,
Nit besiegt.
Noch nit alle wilde Flanzen
Oisgeflickt.

Noch nit alle Wunschen kummen
Mir zu gehn,
Un nit jedes Wort vun Gumen
Is noch rein.

S'manjet, blankt noch var die Oigen
Roiter Schein —
Un ich wer noch zugezoigen
Vun mein Pein.

NOT YET CONQUERED . . .

I have not yet conquered myself fully, not yet. Not all the wild plants have I uprooted.

Not all my wishes come true yet — and not every word that leaves my throat is clean yet.

Still before my eyes red lights glow and glitter — and still I am attracted by my pain.

MANI LEIB

Sie Halt In Die Hentlech . . .

Sie halt in die Hentlech an offenem Buch,
Dos Keppel vertroiert oif hinten geneigt,
Die Sunn lescht sich ois var'n Fenster, un legt
A roitlichen Schein oif dem offenem Buch.

— Die eltere Schwester is ergitz aweck,
Aweck, un men weisst nischt far wos un far wenn;
Wie stendig in Hois jenem Obend gewen,
Bei Nacht ober is sie oif eibig aweck.

Dernoch hot die Mame gebrochen die Hend,
Verdeckt mit a Tichel dos alte Gesicht,
Geklebt in die Leichter gezundene Licht,
Ohn Treren geweint un gebrochen die Hend.

In Hois sennen alle vertroiert gewen,
In Hois hoben alle die Mamen gehit —
Un stiller gewen sennen allemens Tritt,
Un allemens Reid sennen stiller gewen.

. . . Dos Buch fallt arois vun die Hentlech.
Sie weint.
Es zucken die kindersche Lipplech var Schreck.
— Ich wel wie mein eltere Schwester aweck,
Wenn ich wel nor weren a Groisse . . . Un weint.

IN HER LITTLE HANDS . . .

In her little hands she is holding an open book, her little head is bent backward in sadness. The sun dies at the window, and casts a red glow upon the book.

The older sister has left for an unknown destination; nobody knows why and wherefore. She was there in the house that evening as ever, yet at night she had gone away forever.

Later mother was wringing her hands, covered her old face with a kerchief, sticking burning candles into the candlesticks, and crying tearfully.

All the people in the house were sad, all the people in the house watched mother, and quiet were the steps of everyone, and still quieter were the words of everyone.

The book falls from her little hands. She weeps. Her childish lips are quivering with fear.—I shall go away as my big sister, when I grow up. And she weeps.

Ich Bin Der Weinreb . . .

Ich bin der Weinreb der wilder!
Geh oif beim Ploit vun dein Hoif;
Kletter a roiter, a wilder
Bis deine Fenster aroif!

Oif deine Dielen sich legen,
Hoichen in Schorch vun dein Kleid,
Bleichen sich in deine Oigen,
Troieren vun deine Reid!

Loieren vun deine Lompen
Herbstig un grin wie a Spinn,
Oisgehn verklert wie die Lompen,
Aschig in Flamm vun Kamin!

Liegen a bleicher, a toiter
Oif deine Schoiben in Schnej —
Schnejig in Schnej a verschnejter
Weinen zu dir vun dem Schnej.

Die Lender Un Jamen . . .

Die Lender un Jamen, die Stedt un die Erter,
Gesichter un Schmeichlen un Werter —
Sei sennen aweck vun mir ergitz, amol,
In eppes a weiten Tol.

I AM THE WILD VINE

I am the wild vine! I rise at the wall of your court and am climbing, red and wild, up to the sill of your window.

To lie at the floor of your room, to listen to the swish of your dress, to pale in the light of your eyes, grow sad from your words!

To hang in ambush from your lamps, autumny and green as a spider, to fade musingly as your lamp, to die out in ashes in the flame of your stove!

To lie pale and dead in the snow on your windows, snowy white in the snow and snowed under, and weeping to you from the snow.

THE LANDS AND SEAS . . .

The lands and seas, the cities and places, faces and smiles and words — they all left me for some distant dale.

Ich seh nor durch loiteren Nebel verzoigen
Zwei kindersch vertroierte Oigen —
Verblonsete Schepselech schwarzinke zwei
In eppes a Welt vun Schnej.

Der Zaar In Oigen . . .

Der Zaar in Oigen bei a Zweiten
Bezwingt mich wie a guter Harr.
Un willig trog ich jenems Keiten,
Un willig trog ich jenems Zaar.

Nor Zaar asoi viel kummt bezwingen
Dem schwarzen Scheitel vun mein Kop!
Is reiss ich Ringen vun die Ringen,
Un neig die alle Keiten ob.

Ich bin an Eppelboim a mider,
In Erd geworzelt bis in Diech.
Un wie der Boim die Eppel — Lieder
Wie Eppel warf ich arum sich.

Winter

Var meine verklerte Schoiben
Hoiben sich hecher, hecher
Hoiche verschnejte Decher,
Hoiche in silberne Hoiben.

I only behold through the veil of a clear mist two childish saddened eyes. Two blackish strayed lambkins lost in a world of snow.

THE GRIEF IN ANOTHER'S EYE

The grief in another's eyes overpowers me like a gentle master. And willingly I wear another's fetters, and willingly I bear another's grief.

Yet so much sorrow comes to subdue the black crown of my head! So I tear away link after link and cast off all the fetters.

I am a weary apple-tree, rooted in soil up to the hip. And as the tree casts apples — so I cast songs like apples around me.

WINTER

Before my dreamy window-panes rise high and higher snow-thatched roofs, high in silvery caps.

Var meine verklerte Schoiben
Iber die hoiche Decher
Hoiben sich hecher, hecher
Roichlech wie silberne Toiben.

Der Scheiterhoifen Vun Mein Indianer Summer . . .

Der Scheiterhoifen vun mein indianer Summer
In Tropens Gold un Ringen Roich derbrennt.
Dem letzten Steren Koil a Stummer un a Frummer
In Asch verscharr ich itzter mit die Hend.

Un Nacht un Derfer. Oif lewonedige Fleiten
Die Grillen spielen Troier in mein Seel.
Oif weissen Gros bei oifgebloite Pleiten
Die Kirbessen wie die Lewone gel.

Un Beimer — bloier Wachs — in kihle
Hoilkeit-Strahlen,
Wie gleiche Licht, wie forchtige var Gott.
Un Stillkeit zeichent scharf vun welken
Blatt dos Fallen,
Un scharfer noch die Umruh vun mein Trott.

Before my dreamy window-panes above
the high roofs, rise higher, higher thin
smoke curls like silver doves.

THE FUNERAL PILE . . .

The funeral pile of my Indian summer
is burning out in drops of gold and circles
of smoke. Mutely and piously I bury now
with my own hand the last star of coal
beneath the ashes.

And night and villages. On moon-
wrought flutes the grasshoppers play gloom
into my soul. Upon white grass, at bluish
fences — the pumpkins, yellow as the moon.

And trees — blue wax — in cool rays
of void, like straight candles, reverential
before God. And silence sharply marks
the falling of the faded leaf, and sharper
yet the unrest of my step.

D. LEIBEL

Dos Wort

Ich hob dos Wort
Geschliffen un geschliffen,
Is es blank wie Silber,
Nor s'is oisgeschliffen.

Mit mein Blut un March
Hob ich's gebracht zum Wachsen,
Is es oisgewachsen
Iber mir.

Warf ich es aweck
Wie s'warfen die Fakiren
Troim-verstarrte Schlangen
Weit vun sich aweck.

Wie a Bumerang
Vun Neger-Hand geschleidert —
Wu ich will mich wenden
Woiet es zurick . . .

THE WORD

I have whetted the word, whetted and polished it. Now it sparkles like silver — but it is whittled.

With my blood and marrow I caused it to grow. Now it has overgrown me.

I fling it from me then, as fakirs in juggling toss lethargic reptiles far away from themselves.

Like a boomerang hurled by the hand of a negro — it is howling back wherever I turn.

H. LEIVICK

Steht Mein Oislejser

Steht mein Oislejser
In mein Hois —
A Gerufener,
A Gekummener,
Mich dem Sindigen
Lejst er ois.

Oif sein linker Hand
Hengt a Sack;
Oif sein rechter Hand
A zwei-seitige
A verblutigte
Scharfe Hack.

Nemm mich, Oislejser,
In dein Sack —
Ohn Derbaremung
Oif dem Sindigen,
Nischt Begnodigten
Hoib die Hack . . .

Die Hand Vun Gott

Die Hand vun Gott liegt ergitz wu zeschnitten,
Die Hand vun Gott liegt ergitz wu zehackt;
Un ich — ich hob gewollt mein Kopp verhiten,
Ich sitz mit Tir un Toieren verhackt.

STANDS THE REDEEMER . . .

Stands the Redeemer in my house. One besought, one arrived. He is redeeming me — the sinner.

Over his left arm a sack is slung; over his right arm is flung a sharp, double-edged, bloodstained axe.

Gather me, Redeemer, into thy sack! — Against the sinner, the unforgiven one, raise the axe — —

THE HAND OF GOD

The Hand of God lies somewhere mangled, the Hand of God lies somewhere cut. And I myself have tried to shield my head: I stay within — all doors and doorways shut.

Wie Sticker vun a Schlang wos warfen sich
besunder,
Asoi oich schleideren sich um die Sticker
vun Gott's Hand,
Un jeder Schleider effent oif die letzte Wunder,
Zeeffenen sei oich mein obgezamte Wand.

Itzt tu ich schoin vun keinem sich nischt hiten,
Ich ruf dem Mann wos sucht sein letzte Roib;
Die Hand vun Gott liegt ergitz wu zeschnitten,
Un ich — wie Sticker vun a Schlang in Blut
un Stoib.

Verlos Mich, Vergess . . .

Verlos mich, vergess —
Es flecht sich asoi wie a Strick arum mir
Mein Benkschaft noch dir.

Ich hob nischt kein Mut
A Zieh tun dem Strick mit die eigene Hend,
Vergichen die End.

In Stub zi in Gass
Zu jeden Begegenten wendt sich mein Blick:
— Verzieht wer dem Strick!

Nor keiner derseht.
Zu dir wel ich musen sich kehren zurick
Un beten: derstick . . .

Like pieces of a snake, curved, though sundered, so leaps of God's Hand every particle; and every fling reveals the final Wonders, unveiling furthermore my screening wall.

Now I shield myself no more; I call for him who seeks his final prey. The Hand of God lies somewhere bruised and mangled and I — like parts of a snake in the gory dust.

LEAVE ME. FORGET . . .

Leave me. Forget . . . Like a rope there coils around me my longing for thee.

I dare not pull the rope with my own hand, to accelerate the end.

Indoors and on the streets my glance turns to everyone I meet: — Tighten somebody the noose!

But nobody sees. To thee I shall have to return and beg: Strangle me!

BERNARD LEWIS

Mein Umet

Dein roiter Wirbelschein,
Deine weisse Bliten,
Leben meins,
Hoben mich
A Verwundeten
Gelosen liegen
Var die bloie Toieren
Vun mein Umruh.
Ich zappel sich
Wie a zeschnittene Schlang oif Relsen
Kegen die frihmorgendige Strahlen vun der Sunn,
Un fantasier
Vun dein roiten Wirbelschein,
Deine weisse Bliten —
Leben meins.

MY GLOOM

Thy red whirllight, thy white blossoms, life mine, have left me prostrated in wounds at the blue doors of my unrest.

Like a snake, cut to pieces on rails, I palpitate towards the early rays of the sun, and dream wild dreams of thy red whirllight, thy white blossoms, life mine.

A. LEYELES

Madison Square

I

Ohn Obstell vun Decher.
Zum Himmel alz frecher.
Die Linie alz hecher.
Streng. Viril.
Gemiter chaotisch.
Gespannt, anti-gotisch,
Geschefts-donkichotisch.
Zufall — Stil.
Energje kompackte.
Trapezes gehackte
Vun Willens gewagte.
Menner-Sorg.
Grandjez in Unschejnkeit.
Mit Choisek zu Kleinkeit.
Vielfachig in Einkeit —
Ries New York.

II

Stolz Wunderwerk, Flatiron-Building, Manngestalt,
Du schneidst arein sich in dem Square,
a Held-Jongleur,
Die Hend un Fiss oif hinten, weit dem Kopp afer,
Un willst awek — nor mennlich zamstu dein
Bagehr.

MADISON SQUARE

I

No roofs to rest your gaze on. Skyward ever more daringly. Ever higher the line. Severe. Viril.— — Chaotic moods. Tense, anti-gothic, business-like — donquixotic. Chance — style. Compact energies. Trapezes carved by daring wills. Worry of men. — — Grandiose in unbeauty. Derisive of smallness. Manifold in uniformity — Giant New York.

II

Proud marvel, Flatiron building, maleform, you cut into the Square, a hero-juggler, arms and legs in rear, head far flung, and you desire to be off, but manlike you curb your impulse. Your line ascends

Grad steigt dein Linie, Metropolitan, un s'schallt
Dein Lied ariber jeden Kabzens Troim in Square
Un s'fallt mit Spott dein Lach arob oif dem Asfalt.
Un eng arum gehackte Furems, jeder — Obelisk.
Es spiesen Helden-Turems sich arein in Sunnendisk,
Un vun a Winkel kuckt der "Garden" durch a Spalt,
Ruhm vun a friherigen Dor, wos mehr un mehr
Verliert sich in New York, un loift vun Sorg
un Risk.
Nor s'lacht Fifth Avenue un s'lacht Broadway
verscheit.
Sei hoben beide nischt kein Chejschek un
kein Zeit
Zu trachten zi es loint a Stil- un Formen-Beit.
Sei beiten sich. Der Square — a zufelliger Halt,
An Umarmung, wos hot in roischigen Moment
Geboiren Riesen-Sihn vun Eisen un Zement.

Weisser Schwan

Dein junge Schejnkeit, Mejdel,
Is a weisser Schwan,
Wos fliegelt iber mir in zufelligen Triumf.
Ich lieg in schmachtiger Vergessenheit,
Un er,
Nischt wissendig gor wos er tut,
Pickt mit sein zarten rosen Schnobel
Mein Harz.

perpendicular, Metropolitan, and your song resounds over every pauper's dream on the Square, and mockingly your jest falls upon the asphalt. And close about carved forms, each an obelisk. Heroic towers pierce the disc of the sun and from a corner the Garden peeps through an orifice, fame of a former generation which more and more loses itself in New York and runs from worry and danger. But Fifth Avenue laughs and Broadway laughs frivolously. Neither of them has the desire or time to think whether change of style and form is worthwhile. They change. The Square — a casual halt, an embrace that in a stormy moment gave birth to giant-sons of iron and cement.

WHITE SWAN

Your youthful beauty, maiden, is a white swan that is winging above me in casual triumph. I lie in fainting forgetfulness and it, not knowing at all what it is doing, pecks at my heart with its delicate rose-colored beak.

Schlesser

Schlesser —
Schlesser vun Eisen geboit un Granit,
Schlesser vun Marmor un vun Malachit,
Schlesser vun Bronz un gegossenem Stohl,
Schlesser un Schlesser un Schlesser ohn Zohl.

Schlesser —
Bibliotheken un Museums,
Monumenten, Mauzoleums,
Templen, Kirchen, Katedralen,
Alle Schlesser
Itzter fallen, fallen, fallen.

Ober meine Schlesser,
Geboit vun Verlangen,
Tegliche Suchenisch, nechtliche Bangen,
Regungen, Sehungen,
Strebungen, Wunschen,
Geflochten, gespunnen
Vun weite Lewones un weitere Sunnen,
Vun Harzens Begehren,
Wos heren
Nit oif vun dem Harzen zu strahlen:
Meine Schlesser konnen keinmol
Nit fallen, nit fallen, nit fallen.

CASTLES

Castles — — — Castles built of iron and granite, castles of marble and of malachite, castles of bronze and of steel. Castles and castles and castles untold.

Castles — — Libraries and museums, monuments, mausoleums, temples, churches, cathedrals — — All castles now are falling, falling, falling.

Yet my castles, built of longings, daily yearnings, nightly fears, animations, visions, intentions, wishes, twisted and spun of distant moons and remoter suns, of the longings of the heart that never cease to radiate — my castles can never, never fall.

M. LICHT

Nummer Finf-Un-Neinzig

Ich hob dich gegrisst heint varnacht
Bei Nummer Finf-un-Neinzig. (Ich hob
Getracht a Weile — Du derkenst mich!) Du ober
Host weiter geschpant wie a schejner Troim
Mit Hend gemacht vun sehr weiss Papier
Un Kleider oisgeschoiren vun Bloh un Bloh.

Ot asoi, efschar, hob ich dich lieb
Wenn du derkennst mich nischt.

Deine Ljalke-Backen wolten sich verendert
Vun schwer schwarz-roit Blut,
Wos wolt onjogen in groisse Stromen;

Die "G" Sstrunes-Oderlech oif deine Schlejfen
Wolten oiskucken wie Sstrunes far a Satyr-Bass
Un nischt far a Venus-Fiedel.

Asoi hob ich dich, efschar, lieb: Mit dein
gelassenem Blick —
Himmelbloier Kolir un etwos groie Chmare, —
Weil ich zeleg, unbemerkt vun dir, far dir
A Fajer bei Nummer Finf-un-Neinzig. (Wie hob
ich gekonnt
Afile far a Weile trachten: Du derkennst
mich — — ?)

NUMBER NINETY-FIVE

This evening I have greeted you at number ninety-five. (For a while I have thought that you recognize me.) But you walked on like a beautiful dream with hands made of very white paper and clothes cut in blue and blue.

Thus, perhaps, I love you, when you don't recognize me.

Your cheeks of a doll would change with heavy, dark red blood, that would rush in in great streams.

The "G" strings of veins on your temples would look like strings for a Satyr-bass and not for a Venus-violin.

Thus, perhaps, I love you: With your composed look — sky-blue color and a bit of grey cloud, — for unnoticed by you, I set a fire for you at number ninety-five. (How could I think even for a while that you recognize me — — ?)

Michel Fokin

Sollen seine Fiss
Nit obteilen sich vun der Erd.
West sehn — s'is eingestellt:
Flihendig aroif
Wet er in a schejnem Tog
Keinmol zurick nit kummen —
(Uns iberlosen do, wie Eslen
Ongeloden mit dem Joch vun schwere Sachen.)
Flihendig aroif
Zu Gott.

MICHEL FOKIN

Let his feet not separate from the earth.
You'll see — its very unsafe: In his flight
upward some day he will fail to come back
— — (Will leave us here, like asses laden
with the burden of heavy things.) In his
flight upward to God.

M. LIWSCHITZ

Der Ball

In alten Schloss, in groissen Saal
Is itzt a Ball.
Die alte Pritzim — in der Erd,
Der junger is mit Ferd un Schwert
Awek oif dem Milchome-Feld;
Die Dieners — oif der ganzer Welt,
Vun Menschen leer is Hois un Stall — —
In alten Schloss, in groissen Saal
Is itzt a Ball.

Un vun die Wend kucken arob
Die alte Ritters Kopp zu Kopp.
Wie einer winkt dem zweiten zu :
— Zi sehstu, du? Zi sehstu, du?
Bei grilzendiger Grill-Musik
Oif rechts oif links, ahin, zurick,
Redlechweis un poorlechweis
Tanzen Meis.
Un s'pischtschet lieblich Mois zu Mois,
Men tanzt, ment springt — die Freid is groiss,
Men sogt a Ssod, men kritzt a Witz,
Un tanzen schnell, mit Flamm, mit Hitz.

Un vun'em gartligen Portret
Die schejne Grefin Mariett,
Welche s'hot nischt ein Poet
Besungen siss in sein Sonett,
Boigt sich on un kuckt arob

THE BALL

In the old castle, in the great hall, a ball is going on. The old lords — interred; the young one has departed with horse and sword for the battleground; the servants are scattered all over the world; house and stable are emptied of people — — In the old castle, in the great hall a ball is going on.

Row upon row the old knights look down from the walls, as if one winked to the other: Do you see? Do you see? To the right, to the left, to and fro, in rings and in couples, mice are dancing to grating cricket music. And fondly mouse squeaks to mouse. They dance, they leap — the joy is great. They tell secrets, they gnaw off a joke, and they dance swiftly, with fervor, with fire.

And from the half length portrait the beautiful Countess Mariette, of whom more than one poet has sung sweetly in his sonnet, bends and gazes down upon Marshall

Zu Marschall Ulrich's groien Kopp.
Un wie sie winkt oif jeden Poor :
— Wos do kummt vor! Wos do kummt vor!
Wie schejn der Lebenssturem gliht!
Wie lebt men oif? Wie tanzt men mit?

Un bis zum Morgen's groien Strahl
Kummt vor in Schloss, in groissen Saal
Der Ball.

Ulrich's hoary head. And how her eyes wink on each couple: Oh, what is happening here! What is happening here! How beautiful the storm of glowing life! How could one revive? How could one join the dancing?

And till the morning's grey beam, the ball goes on in the castle, in the great hall.

A. LJESSIN

Die Fajeren Vun Broadway

I

Die Fajeren die flatterdige vun Broadway,
Es hengt verelendt die Lewone hinter sei,
Es hengt mit ihr die Stillkeit oif a hoichen Dach,
Un beide kucken fremde oif'n Fajer-Schljach.

Ich geh vercholemt zwischen Tenz vun
Flammenwend,
Vun Chwaljess Lichter un Gesichter durchgeblendt,
Un alte Benkschaften, wie Schotens, fallen zu
Un trogen schotendig aweck mich weit awu.

Weit weit in mein Geburt-Stodt geht die Nacht
itzt um
In bloier Glutigkeit, a frost-geschmiedte, stumm,
Un goldig die Lewone, groiss asoi un vull,
Kuckt troierig arunter oif der alter Schul.

In mitten Schulhoif steht die alte, kalte Schul,
In Troim in goldenem verhillt wie in a Tjul;
Vun oiben Himmel-Bloikeit, Rachwus ohn an End,
Vun unten bloier Schnee-Schein blitzt asoi
un blendt.

Die weisse, weite Kindheit weht a Weil mir wu,
Ich fihl a freidige, a tiefe Seelen-Ruh,
A Kinder-Glick befallt ein Oigenblick mich stumm
In mitten Fajer-Flatter vun Broadway arum.

THE FIRES OF BROADWAY

I

The gleaming fires of Broadway, friendlessly the moon hangs behind them, stillness hangs with her upon a tall roof and both look detachedly upon the fiery highway.

I walk dreamily amidst dances of flaming walls, bedazzled by waves of light and faces — and old yearnings, like shadows, fall upon me and carry me away ghostlike, somewhere a-far.

Far far away in my native town the night now reigns in a blue glow; gripped by frost, mute, and golden the moon, so large and full, gazes sadly down on the old synagogue.

In the centre of its court stands the old cold synagogue, enmeshed in a golden dream as in a veil; above — sky-blue, infinite expanse; below — blue snowshine scintillates and dazzles so.

The white remote childhood wafts over me for a time, I feel a joyous, deep, soulful peace; a childlike happiness suddenly befalls me amidst the fire-glamour of Broadway.

II

Die Stillkeit niedert vun der Hoich oif meine Tritt,
Sie geht mit mir in Groien, wie die Nacht-Scho mit,
Un beide umet-mide — murmel ich un freg :
Wos is gewen der Roisch un wu is alz aweck?

Un efschar broist Broadway mir gor nit oif
der Wohr?
Un efschar is der fremder Roisch an Echo nor?
Ich seh sich noch a Kind, verschlossen in a Schul,
Wos is mit Welbungen un Schoten-Winklen vull.

Ich blonse unter Welbungen a lange Nacht,
Mein jeder Kehr un Klang is alz vertoisendfacht,
Es tuen toisender beim klensten Kol a Klung,
Es tuen toisender beim schwachsten Schorch
a Sprung.

Wie blinkt es mit Bewegung, un es liegt doch leer!
Wie klingt es vull mit Regung, un es stummt
doch schwer.
Wie groilen ot die Spielen zwischen Schoten-Wend,
In Blendenisch zu blonsen bis in bejsen End.

Zi roitelt hoich in Schulfenster der Morgen mir?
Zi kummt der Schames wenn un effent noch die Tir?
Es willt sich weinen un ich schreck sich var
mein Kol,
Es soll nit obhilchen mit Gornischt toisend Mol.

II

Silence descends upon my footsteps and accompanies me in the greyness like the night-hour. And gloomily a-weary, I murmur and ask: what was the noise and whither has it all gone?

Perhaps I'm only dreaming of Broadway's turmoil? Perhaps the strange uproar is but an echo? I see myself yet a child, shut in a synagogue, full of vaults and shadowy nooks.

I stray beneath arches all the night long, my every move and sound is multiplied a thousandfold, thousand echoes reach me at the slightest rustle.

How it twitches with action, and yet it is void! How fully it resounds with agitation, and yet there is a heavy silence. How gruesome the day twixt shadowed walls, to stray bedazzled to the evil end.

Is it the morning that is roseate to me in the synagogue windows above? Will the sexton come and open yet the door? I feel like weeping and I am frightened by my voice, lest it resound hollowly a thousand times.

Russland

Es weint in deine grenetzlose Roimen
A Benkschaft ohn a Ssof;
O, Land vun Onitsches un Troimen,
Wie groiss is dein Schtrof!

Dein Churben liegt verfroiren stumm in Strahlen
Un blendenden Schnee;
O, Land vun Welf un Nachtigallen,
Wie schweigstu asoi.

Grobst ein sich mit millionen Schtroien-Decher,
Werweht un verschmiedt;
O, Land vun Kdoischim un Verbrecher,
Zi lebstu, zi nit?

RUSSIA

In your endless spaces there cries an infinite longing. O land of tatters and dreams, how severe your punishment!

Your disaster lies mutely frozen in sunrays and dazzling snow. O land of wolves and nightingales, how silent you are!

You interr yourself with millions of thatched roofs, snow-blanketed and frost-enchained. O land of martyrs and criminals, are you alive or not?

RUBEN LUDWIG

Meine Sind

Meine Sind
Warfen sich in mir
Wie zwei-scharfige
Messer . . .
Sog!
Wos behaltstu uns in sich?
Liegen willen mir var dir
Schejn wie farbige
Summer-Vejgelech —
Un mit obgedrehte Kepplech.

In Wald Vun Mein Leben . . .

Wie a Leib
A verwundeter,
A verblutigter
Lieg ich in dem Wald
Vun mein Leben.
Still,
Wie es passt dem Kenig vun dem Wald
Seine Wunden durchzutrogen.

Un die Teg un Necht — wie Bletter
Fallen, fallen,
Un bedecken mich
Mit a leichten gelen Bergel —
Mein Unsterblichkeit . . .

MY SINS

My sins are leaping within me like double-edged knives . . . Say! Why do you conceal us within you? We want to lie before you, beautiful like colorful butterflies, and with heads torn off.

IN THE WILDERNESS OF MY LIFE

Like a lion wounded, bleeding I lie in the wilderness of my life. Calmly, as befits the forest-king to bear his wounds.

And the days and nights — like leaves, are falling, falling, and covering me with a light, yellow mound — my immortality.

A. LUTZKY

Wasseren

Wasseren loifen iber der Welt —
Impetige,
Kreftige.
Schlanke schtromendige Scharfen,
Schleifen sich,
Streifen sich,
Un scheinen.
Wasseren loifen iber der Welt —
Un suchen.
Loifen mit Sunn,
Mit Lewone,
Mit Finsternisch —
Un schreien.
Berg in der Hoich,
Tolen in der Tief.
Wasseren loifen rund arum un rund arein,
Rund arum un rund in Reih,
Krumm aroif un grod arob.
A Gejegerei,
A Geroischerei,
A Freid in der Welt arein.
Dos gresste Gesang — un noch,
Allemol mitamol — un noch.
Lichtiger Gelechter,
Klores Gefliess,
Eibiger Jomtow.
Wasseren loifen iber der Welt

WATER CURRENTS

Water currents run throughout the world; vigorous, impetuous. Slender flowing torrents, striking themselves, whetting themselves and glistening.

Water currents run throughout the world — and seek. Run with sun, with moon, with darkness — and shout.

Mountains above, valleys below. Water currents purl around and eddy within, round-about and round in streaming rows, crookedly upward and straight downward.

A pursuit, a rustling, an unrestrained joy. Unsurpassed hymning — ceaseless. Ever in accord — unwearying. Scintillating laughter, translucent flux, everlasting festival.

Water currents run throughout the world

Un lachen.
Kochen un keichen mit schoimigen Schnej,
Quallen un kwellen mit silberne Chmares,
Tanzen un bespritzen sich mit Toi.
A Spritz oif a Spritz un a Chapp,
A Chapp un a Tanz un a Sied,
A Sied un a Sing un a Sog,
A Sog un a Sing un a Jog,
A Jog un a Fall un a Hoib,
A Hoib un a Fall in Vorois,
A Sprung un arein in Gedreh.

A Stein, —

Wasseren loifen oif'n Stein
Un ziehen Zepp iber ihm.

Boimer, —

Wasseren loifen bei die Boimer
Un gesegenen sich oif a Kol.

A Lonke, —
Wasseren loifen zu der Lonke
Un kuschen sie in die Seiten,
Halsen sie un zitteren var Freid,
Sogen ihr zu — un antloifen,
Loifen un weren nit mid,
Derzehlen — un derzehlen nit dem Ssof.

— and roar. They leap and splash themselves with dew, seethe and choke with cheerful snow, well up and beam with silver clouds. A squirt and a spout and a snap; a snap and a leap and a bubble; a bubble and a song and a whisper; a whisper and a song and a dash; a dash and a fall and a skip; a skip and a fall headlong; a leap — and then lost in the flow.

A stone — Water overruns the stone braiding pigtails over it.

Trees — — Water courses by the trees and bids them a loud farewell.

A meadow — — Water rushes to the meadow and kisses her banks. Hugs it and trembles from sheer joy. Makes promises —and runs away. Runs and never wearies. Tells a tale — and conceals the end.

Ruhen? —
Nito bei wos zu ruhen.
Bleiben? —
Nito bei wos zu bleiben.
Umetum is Do,
Jeder Do is *dort,*
Jeder Dort is *weiter.*

To rest? — There is no place to rest.
To remain? — There is nothing to remain for.
Everywhere is HERE.
Every HERE is THERE.
Every THERE means ONWARD.

ANNA MARGOLIN

Johren

Wie Froien, welche sennen viel geliebt un doch
nit satt,
Un gehen durch'n Leben mit Gelechter un mit Zoren
In die Oigen seiere vun Fajer un Agat —
Gewen asoi sennen die Johren.

Un sennen oich gewesen wie Aktjoren,
Wos spielen mit a Halb-Moil "Hamlet" var'n
Mark;
Wie in a Land a stolzen Gransinioren,
Wos chappen on dem Oifstand far'n Kark.

Un seh, wie demitig sei sennen itzt, mein Gott,
Un stumm wie a zeschmetterter Klavier,
Un nemmen on far lieb a jeden's Stoiss un Spott,
Un suchen Dich, nit gloibendig on Dir.

Mein Stamm Redt

Mein Stamm :
Menner in Atlas un Ssamet,
Penimer lang un bleich-seiden,
Verchaleschte glutige Lippen.
Die dinne Hend zertlen vergelte Folianten.
Sei reden in tiefer Nacht mit Gott.

YEARS

Like women much beloved and yet unsated, passing through life with laughter and anger in their eyes of fire and agate — thus the years have been.

And they have also been like actors who half-heartedly play "Hamlet" in the marketplace; like grandseigneurs in a proud land, who grab the uproar by the neck.

And now, how crestfallen they are, my God, and hushed like a shattered clavecin, and welcome every blow and scoff, and seek Thee without believing in Thee.

MY RACE IS TALKING

My ancestors: Men in satin and in velvet, faces long and like pale silk; languishing, fervid lips. The thin hands patting yellowed folioes. In the depth of night they talk with God.

Un Ssochrim vun Leipsk un vun Dansk.
Blanke Manketen. Eideler Sigarren-Roich.
Gemoro-Witzen. Deitsche Heflichkeiten.
Der Blick is klug un matt,
Klug un ibersatt.
Don-Juanen, Hendler un Sucher vun Gott.

A Schikker,
A Poor Meschumodim in Kiew.

Mein Stamm :
Froien wie Getzen beziert mit Brillanten,
Vertunkelt roit vun terkische Ticher.
Schwere Falden vun Satin-de-Lyons.
Ober dos Leib is a weinendige Werbe,
Ober wie truckene Blumen die Finger in Schoiss,
Un in die welke, verschleierte Oigen
Toite Lust.

Un Granddamen in Zitz un in Leiwent,
Breitbeinig un stark un beweglich,
Mit'n verechtlichen leichten Gelechter,
Mit ruhige Reid un unheimlichen Schweigen.
Varnacht beim Fenster vun orimen Hois
Wachsen sei wie Statuen ois.
Un es zuckt durch die demmernde Oigen
Groisame Lust.

Un a Poor,
Mit welche ich schejm sich.

And merchants from Leipzig and Danzig. Blank cuffs. Delicate smoke of cigars. Gemarah jokes. German courtesies. The look is wise and faint, wise and surfeited. Don Juans, tradesmen and godseekers.

A drunkard, a few renegades in Kieff.

My ancestors: Women adorned with diamonds like idols, reddishly darkened by turkish shawls, heavy folds of satin de Lyons. But the body is a weeping willow, but like dry flowers the fingers in the lap, and in the faded, veiled eyes — dead desire.

And grandames in calico and in linen; broadbony and strong and lively, with the contemptous light laughter, with quiet talk and weird silence. Before dark at the window of the humble house they appear like statues. And through the misty eyes twitches cruel lust.

And a few, of whom I am ashamed.

Sei alle, mein Stamm,
Blut vun mein Blut
Un Flamm vun mein Flamm,
Toit un lebedig oisgemischt,
Troierig, grotesk un groiss
Tramplen durch mir wie durch a tunkel Hois.
Tramplen mit Tfilles un Kloles un Klog,
Trejsslen mein Harz wie a kupernem Glock,
Es warft sich mein Zung,
Ich derkenn nit mein Kol —
Mein Stamm redt.

Mein Heim

Haiser wiegen sich un schwimmen lichtig-groi
Mit feichte Gertner, silberhelle Gassen,
Un Menschen bei Schwellen vun Tiren
Neigen sich, schmeichlen, verblassen,
Weren un nit weren
Durch'n Regenboigen vun Treren.

A Kind sitzt beim Fenster.
In Lewone-Schein stromen die Hoor wie tunkeler
Regen.
Verakschent un lichtig suchen die Oigen
Wie durch a Wald
Die eigene weite Gestalt.
O, wos zitterstu, Kind, wenn ich kumm dir
antkegen?

They all, my ancestors, blood of my blood and flame of my flame, dead and living ones mixed together, sad, grotesque and big, trample through me like through a dark house, trample with prayers and curses and wailing, shake my heart like a copper bell, my tongue is a-tremble, I don't know my own voice — my race is talking.

MY HOME

Houses are swaying and swimming light-grey, with damp gardens, silvery lighted streets; and people on thresholds of doors are bowing, smiling, fading, appearing and vanishing through the rainbow of tears.

A child is sitting at the window. In the moonlight the hair flows like dark rain. Stubbornly and clearly the eyes seek, as through a forest, my own, faraway figure.

O, why dost thou tremble, child, when I come toward thee?

Mutter-Erd . . .

Mutter-Erd viel-getrotene, sunn-gewaschene,
Tunkele Schklafin un Herrin
Bin ich, Geliebter.
Vun mir, der Niederiger un der Betribter
Wachst du arois a mechtiger Stamm.
Un wie die eibige Steren, un wie vun Sun die Flamm
Kreis ich in langen un blinden Schweigen
In deine Worzlen, in deine Zweigen,
Un halb in Wach un halb in Drimmel
Such ich durch dir dem hoichen Himmel.

MOTHER EARTH . . .

Beloved one, I am the much trodden, sun-washed mother Earth, dark slave and mistress. Out of me, the dark and afflicted one, you grow a mighty stem. And like the flame of the sun and like the eternal stars I circle in long, blind silence through your roots and in your branches — and half awake and half in slumber I seek the sky through you.

PEREZ MARKISCH

In Letzten Zank . . .

In letzten Zank vun Sunnvergehn,
Allein
Oif oisgetogte Wegen —
Wos konn ich fregen?

In schwarzen Asch vun fallendiger Nacht
Vernarrt,
Oif Spitzen schwindeldige Stangen —
Wos konn ich denn derlangen?

In schwarzen Wald vun Ruh,
Durch schwarze plonterdige Rehren —
Wer nehentert zu mir sich zu?
Zu wemen konn ich denn geheren?

IN THE LAST FLICKER . . .

In the last flicker of the sunset, alone on the darkened ways — what may I ask?

In the dark ashes of descending night, misguided, on dizzy perching peaks — what may I reach?

In the black forest of peace through the black, intricate thicket — who is it that approaches me? To whom may I belong?

Noch Jatert Sich . . .

Noch jatert sich dein oisgebroten Leib,
Noch schleppen Schotens sich oif schejlen dich un schinden
Un loiert noch oif dir a wolfischer Vertreib
Vun harbstig obgekrochene, vun foile Winten —

Schoin Schnejen-Schepselech far dir noch weisser Woll gehn,
Un ergitz schoin a Frost a malchusdiger soigt
Dem dremmeldigen Dnjeper un die burlatzke Wolge,

Un sipt a weisse Salb vun alle deine Teichen . . .

Un bei dein jeden Sstoiptschikel — a Hoffenung zu mir sich noigt,
Gleich wie a Derfele in Weg — oif deine demmerische Gleichen . . .

THERE FESTERS YET . . .

There festers yet your burned body; shadows still drag themselves to pare and flay you! And still there lurks for you a wolfish hounding of autumn — rank, moulted winds — —

Already snow-lambkins go in search of white wool for you and somewhere a regal frost sucks the slumbering Dniepr and the rough Volga and sips a white salve from all your rivers.

And at every post of yours — a hope bends to me, like a small settlement on the way — on your twilit plains.

MENACHEM

Dos Jingel Tracht . . .

Dos Jingel tracht: sein Gott is weit in der
Unendlichkeit.
A junger Mann vun Jingel werd — er sucht
schoin Gott oif drerd.
Noch mehr — der Mann: er seht Gott's Hand
in Goirel vun sein Voterland.
Un erscht der Voter ihm gefinnt in Schmeichel
vun a Kind.
Un erscht in stillen, kleinem Hois derwisst
er sich, wie groiss
S'hot sich der Ruhm vun Gott zeschpreit in
der Unendlichkeit.

As woil is schoin un gut zu dem, wos hot
geboit sein Heim,
Un hot die Gnod vun Gott derkennt in seine
stille Wend.
Nor bis men kummt zum kloren Breg vergehn
asoi viel Teg
Vun Benkenisch un Suchenisch un junger
Plogenisch —
Un wer konn oissogen dem Ssod, wos lieber is
far Gott:
Dos Kennen Ihm in Hoisgezelt, zi s'Suchen
in der breiter Welt?

THE LAD PONDERS . . .

The lad ponders: his God is far away in Infinity. To manhood grows the lad — he now seeks God on earth. And now the man: he sees God's hand in the destiny of his country. The father discovers Him anew in a child's smile. And in the quiet, little house he first realizes how far God's glory has expanded throughout Infinity.

How blessed with happiness is he, who has built his home, and known God's mercy between his silent walls. But until one reaches the serene shore, so many days of yearning and pursuit and callow suffering are lost. And who can reveal the mystery of what is dearer to God — the awareness of Him in the litle home, or the quest for Him in the wide world?

A Tfile

Gott meiner!
Du bist allein,
Ich bin allein,
Sennen mir beide allein.
Flackert Dein Elend — a Sunn far der Erd,
Mir ober hot es die Achsel beschwert,
Fallt var die Fiss wie a Stein.

Gott meiner!
Du kummst vun Dir,
Ich kumm vun Dir,
Kummen mir beide vun Dir.
Du zehlst an Eibigkeit sich far a Tog,
Ich meine Teg wie geliehene trog,
Wart oif Dein Ruf jeden Tog.

Gott meiner!
Du bist in Dir,
Ich bin in Dir,
Sennen mir beide in Dir.
Bleib ich in Dir mit mein Elend un Zaar,
Geh ich noch Dir wie a Knecht noch sein Harr,
Geh, bis Du rufst mich zu Dir.

Gott meiner!
Du bist far Dir,

A PRAYER

Lord God! Thou art alone, I am alone, we are both alone. Flares forth Thy loneliness — a sun for the earth; but mine has burdened my shoulders, like a stone it falls before my feet.

Lord God! Thou comest from Thyself, I come from Thee, we come both from Thee. To Thee eternity is only a day — I carry my days but like borrowed goods — daily awaiting Thy call.

Lord God! Thou art in Thyself, I am in Thee — we are both in Thee. With my misery and anxiety I remain in Thee, I follow Thee, like a slave follows his master — until Thou summonest me.

Lord God! Thou art for Thyself, I am

Ich bin far Dir,
Sennen mir beide far Dir.
Soll far Dein Kowed sein allz wos ich tu,
Allz wos ich leid bis in Tog vun Ruh,
Onnemen allz far a Korben sollst Du,
Gott meiner, Gott meiner Du!

for Thee, we are both for Thee. Be for Thy glory whatever I do, all that I suffer till the Day of Rest. Accept Thou all as an offering, my God, Thou mine Lord!

JACOB MESTEL

A Kriegslied

Es groit der Tog durch schwarzen Wald,
Wie ois dem Nebel wolt er blihn.
Derhoiben wet die Sunn sich bald
Un zehlen stumm die toite Sihn.

A geler Ball sich hoidet starr
In leichten Wind — — Der Luftbalon
Weist ois zu sein dos Oig vun Harr,
Wos sitzt oif Beiners Toiten-Tron.

Ois toisend Meiler Blei un Flamm,
Es schmettert wie a Klole bejs
Un reisst die Hoffnung oif Derlejs
Vun Menschens Harz un Welders Stamm.

Un plutzim werd in Roich un Zshar
Der Luftbalon zeblitzt un flammt,
Wie sblitzt in Kaas dos Oig vun Harr,
Wie sflammt dos Blut in gelen Samd.

Is dos gewen der Ssines Schein,
Wenn r'hot dem Ssoine obgeschatzt —
Zi hot in ihm bei Bruders Pein
A Menschenharz var Weh geplatzt?

A BATTLE SONG

The day is graying through the black forest, as if it blossomed from the mist. Soon the sun will rise and mutely count the dead sons.

A yellow balloon swings dully in the light breeze — — The airship seems to be the eye of the Lord who sits on the bone-heap throne of Death.

Out of a thousand mouths — lead and flame blaze forth like an evil curse, and uproot all hope for release from human hearts and forest-tree trunks.

And suddenly midst smoke and blast the balloon flashes and flames forth, as flashes in anger the eye of the Lord, as flames the blood in the yellow sand.

Was that the visage of Hate when it appraised the enemy, or has, because of comrades' agony, a human heart burst compassionately within it?

L. MILLER

Meine Kinder

Wie a Kind vertracht in Spielen sitzst du bei dem
Wiegel, junge Mame.
Un dein kloimerscht ernst Ponim seht ois
kindisch chejnewdig asoi,
Kindisch chejnewdig dos Ponim, un die
Oigen kindisch bloi . . .

Mit a Schmeichel oif die Lipplech schloft
dos Kind in Wiegel.
Zeit oich as die kleine schejne Mame soll
schoin schlofen gehn . . .
Nor die kleine schejne Mame schokelt mit
dem Kopp oif nein . . .

Alle Gehen Mir Ahin . . .

Men hot dermannt a toiten Freind,
Un emitz hot gesogt: "Mir alle gehen doch ahin . . ."
Neben mir mein Kind berihrt mein Hand —
Wuhin?
Ich hoib die Oigen zu dem Himmel oif :
— Ahin . . .
Patscht dos Kind die Hend far Freid:
— Alle, alle, alle gehen mir ahin . . .

MY CHILDREN

Like a child engrossed in play, you sit, young mother, by the cradle, and your mock-serious face looks so childishly charming, childishly charming the face and childlike blue the eyes.

With smile-wreathed lips sleeps the child in the cradle; it is also time for the little lovely mother to retire . . . Yet the little, lovely mother with her head nods: nay . . .

WE ALL GO THERE . . .

A dead friend was mentioned and someone said: "But we all go there . . ." By my side my child has touched my hand: "Where?" I raise my eyes to the skies: "There." Clasps the child his hands in joy: "We all, we all, we all go there . . ."

Ich Bin A Gast

Ich bin a Gast,
Gekummen oif a Weil un kehr schoin bald
zurick . . .
Mit Liebe fallt oif alles un oif allemen mein
Blick — — —

Un fihrt die Welt
Sich joischerdig zi nit, die Menschen schlecht
zi gut —
Ich seh un her, un oif mein Lipp a Schmeichel
ruht . . .
Ich bin a Gast . . .

I AM A GUEST

I am a guest, who called but for a moment and is soon gone . . . My eyes embrace with love all things and everyone.

And if the world be just or otherwise, people good or bad — I see and hear, and a smile rests on my lips.

I am a guest.

N. B. MINKOW

Landschaft

Vun hinter weisse Neplen
Wel ich dich brengen zu dein Ruh.
Ich wel oifwecken die dremlendige Wasseren,
Wos cholemen vun deine letzte Lieder.
Silberne Krieglech mit bloie Fajeren
Wel ich dir schenken.
Los mein Boigen iber deine Sstrunes ziehen.
Soll sich roitlen dos Gold vun dein Klang.

Ich Wolt Gravirt Far Dir . . .

Ich wolt gravirt far dir Gemiter weiche,
Strahlendige Roichen, oifgehende Weiten,
Obspieglung vun sidlich-boigendiger Ruh —

Ich wolt gebracht zu dir a stillen Teich,
Kupolen Himmel, linde Strahlen Lao-tsu —
Boit mein Tog gor Schlesser, Kloisters,
Himmel-Leiters
Zu dem Steren Ladegju — —
Un ich allein — schweb durch Wend un Gassen,
Wend un Winklen,
Finsternisch, Zwischen-Strahlen vun
Miliassen durchgekreitzte
Obspieglungen, Stein un Stohl.
Ich wolt gewollt mein eigene Bewegung
obstellen —
Trogen Durschten mich un brennendige Neplen.

LANDSCAPE

From behind white vapors I shall bring you to your rest. I shall rouse the slumbrous streams that dream of your last songs. I shall present to you silver jugs with blue flames. Let my bow draw over your strings. Let the gold of your sound redden.

I WOULD ETCH

I would etch for you soft moods, radiant fumes, revealing distances, reflections of southbound rest.

I would convey to you a peaceful river, cupolas of heaven, gentle rays Lao-Tsu.

But my day is erecting castles, cloisters, sky-towers to the star Ladegiu — — and I am driven through walls and streets, walls and nooks, darkness, inter-rays of myriads of crossing reflections, stone and steel.

I fain would cut short my own motion — but I am impelled by drought and flaming mists.

M. NADIR

Adjektiven

Schejne Karschen oif'n Boim,
Willt ihr obreissen sich vun eier Mutter-Zweig?

Schejne Karschen schweigen.

Roite Karschen oif'n Boim,
Willt ihr in meine oisgeschpreite Hend areinfallen?

Roite Karschen schweigen.

Liebe Karschen oif'n Boim,
Willt ihr, wilde Vejgel sollen eiere junge Leiber
oisstechen?

Liebe Karschen schweigen.

Feine Karschen oif'n Boim,
Willt ihr, die Sunn soll eier schmeckedig Blut
vun die Oderen oistrinken?

Feine Karschen schweigen.

Zeitige Karschen oif'n Boim,
Willt ihr, der Wind soll eich in a fremd Land
verwarfen?

Zeitige Karschen schweigen.

ADJECTIVES

Lovely cherries on the tree, do you wish to be plucked from your mother branch?

Lovely cherries are silent.

Red cherries on the tree, do you wish to fall into my outspread arms?

Red cherries are silent.

Beloved cherries on the tree, do you wish wild birds to peck at your flesh?

Beloved cherries are silent.

Pretty cherries on the tree, do you wish the sun to drain your veins of your redolent blood?

Pretty cherries are silent.

Ripe cherries on the tree, do you wish the wind to scatter you in a foreign land?

Ripe cherries are silent.

Saftige Karschen oif'n Boim,
Willt ihr, ehrliche Werem sollen eiere roite
Herzlech durchfressen?

Saftige Karschen zitteren oif un fallen oif meine
Lippen aroif.

Luscious cherries on the tree, do you wish honest worms to gnaw through your little red hearts?

Luscious cherries quiver and fall upon my lips.

LEIB NEIDUS

Dem Wald Hob Ich Lieb

Dem Wald hob ich lieb, welcher zieht sich awek
Un schpart sich in Himmel in sunnigen ein;
Ach nein, nischt dem Wald nor dem
einsamen Steg,
Wos schneidt sich in waldigen Harzen arein.

Dem schmolinken Steg hob ich lieb, wos is blois
Mit Moch un mit orime Blimlech beziert;
Ach nein, nischt dem Steg nor dos einsame Hois,
Zu welchen dos schlenglende Stegele fihrt . . .

Dos Hois hob ich lieb, wos is lichtig bekroint
Mit duftigen Grins, un mit Boimer verstellt;
Ach nein, nischt dos Hois nor dos Mejdel wos woint
In Haisel in jenem, in stillen Gezelt . . .

Lilien

Lilien, weisse Lilien starben oif'n Teich,
S'tut oif sei der Wind zum letzten Mol a Schleich,
S'tut far sei der Strahl zum letzten Mol a Loicht,
Un zum letzten Mol der Obend-Toi behoicht.

Stille Chwaljes eilen grissen seier Weh,
Schmetterlingen kummen weinen iber sei,

THE WOODS I LOVE

The woods I love that stretch away and lean against the sunny sky. — Ah, no, not the woods but the lonely path that cuts into the heart of the woods . . .

The narrow little path I love that is but decked with moss and wild flowers. — Ah, no, not the path but the lonely hut to which the winding little path leads . . .

The hut I love that is brightly crowned with fragrant verdure, and hidden by trees. — Ah, no, not the hut but the maid that lives there in that hut, in the quiet abode . . .

LILIES

Lilies, white lilies are dying on the pond; for the last time the breeze blows over them, the ray of light glows for them a final time and for the last time the evening dew moistens them.

Unruffled waves hasten to greet their woe, butterflies come to weep over them

Un die Blumenseelen kloiben sich arum,
Un sei knieen alle zitterig un frumm.

Farben oif'n Maarew halten ein dos Spiel,
Ergitz tut a Sifz a Schoten in der Still,
Un dos Gros dos bleiche sifzt mit ihm zugleich — —
Lilien, weisse Lilien starben oif'n Teich.

and the flower-souls gather round and all kneel tremblingly and piously.

Colors in the west curb the playing, somewhere a shadow quietly sighs, and the wan grass also sighs. — — Lilies, white lilies are dying on the pond.

A. NISSENSON

New York

Riesige Turems un Himmlen vun Roich,
Tummel vun wilde Tramweien;
Steiner wos sennen zelegt do in Gass
Gleich mit die Menschen sei schreien.

Fajeren dorten un Fajeren do,
Umetum Fajer un Fajer;
Hart bei dem Breg vun der Stodt liegt der Jam
Punkt wie a Hund a getreier.

Hinter'n Barg . . .

Hinter'n Barg gehen sich Wegen vanander
Weit ohn a Breg —
Hinter'n Barg beiten sich Owenden tunkele
Mit lichtige Teg.

Hinter'n Barg gewendt sennen allemens Oigen
Epis zu sehn —
Vun hinter'n Barg darf Emitz a Lichtiger kummen
Zu uns in dem Tol zu gehn.

NEW YORK

Gigantic towers and skies of smoke, racket of frenzied tramcars. Paving stones here in the street shriek together with the people.

Flashes here and flashes there; 'everywhere fire and fire. Just like a watchful dog the river lies close to the rim of the city.

BEHIND THE HILL . . .

Behind the hill roads are leading endlessly far away; behind the hill dark evenings alternate with bright days.

Behind the hill all eyes are turned in constant expectance; from behind the hill some Radiant One has to arrive to us in the valley below.

J. L. PERETZ

Drei Nehtorens

Die Oigen roit, die Lippen bloh,
Kein Troppen Blut in Back nischto,
Die Sterens blass, bedeckt mit Schweiss,
Der Otem obgehackt un heiss —
Es sitzen drei Mejdlech un nehen.

Die Nodel blank, die Leiwend — Schnej,
Un eine tracht : ich neh un neh,
Ich neh beitog, ich neh beinacht —
Kein Chupe-Kleid sich nischt gemacht!
Wos kummt arois, ich neh?

Nischt ich schlof un nischt ich ess . . .
Ch'wollt gege'n oif Meir Baal Ness —
Efschar wollt er sich gemiht:
An Almen chotsch, an alten Jid
Mit Kinderlech a Schock . . .

Die zweite tracht: ich neh un stepp,
Un stepp mir ois nor groie Zepp!
Der Kopp — er brennt, die Schlejf —
sie hackt,
Un die Maschin klappt zu zum Takt :
Ta-ta-, ta-ta, ta-ta!

Ich versteh doch jenem's Wink!
Ohn a Chupe, ohn a Ring

THREE SEAMSTRESSES

The eyes red, the lips blue, not a drop of blood in the cheek. The foreheads pale, and feverish — three girls sit and sew.

The needle flashes, the linen — snowy; and one thinks: I sew and sew, I sew by day, I sew by night — no bridal dress have I made for myself! What is the use of my sewing?

I neither sleep nor eat . . . I would donate to Meir The Miracle Man — Perhaps he would stand me in good stead. Even a widower, an old Jew with a bevy of children.

The second thinks: I sew and stitch, and only stitch me gray braids! The head burns, the temple throbs, and the machine rattles in accompaniment: ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta!

Well I understand people! Without a

Wollt gewen a Spiel, a Tanz,
A Liebe oif a Johr a ganz —
Nor dernoch, dernoch?

Die dritte speit mit Blut un sinnt:
Ich neh mich krank, ich neh mich blind,
Es zwickt die Brust bei jeden Stoch —
Un er hot chassene die Woch!
Ich winsch ihm nischt kein Schlechts!

Et, vergessen wos amol . . . !
Tachrichim wet mir geben Koh'l,
Oich a kleintschig Stickel Erd,
Ich well ruhen umgestert,
Ich well schlofen, schlofen!

canopy, without a ring would there be a play, a dance, a love affair for an entire year. — But after, after?

The third one spits blood and meditates: I sew myself ill, I sew myself blind. The breast twitches at every stitch — and he is to marry this week! I wish him no ill luck!

Well, what's past is gone, forgotten . . . A shroud will be given me by the community, and a tiny plot; I will rest undisturbed, I will sleep, sleep!

MELECH RAWITSCH

Gottbegriff

Unendliche Oisspreitung, eibiger Gedank.
Substanz.
In alle Chalokim is Er ganz —
Gott.
Vun alle Steren leicht Er afir,
Vun alle Oigen leicht Sein Schein,
Mit alle Sachen rihrt Er dich on,
In alle Oderen lebt Er durch dir,
Jeden Otem otemt Er ein,
Un alle Werter otemt Er ois,
Er is mit dir in dein jeden Rihr,
Woint in alle Stiber vun dein Hois.
In jeder Freid singt Er hoich mit dir,
Un weint mit dir vun a jeden Zaar.
Un Er wachst mit a jeden Gros in der Heich,
Un wjanet mit jeden Blatt oif der Erd.
Durch alle Teichen kummt Sein Gesang,
Durch die Midborjes sturemt Er Samd,
Un flammt
Mit jeden Fajer zischendig scharf wie a Schlang.
Un huzshet bei Tog durch Gemarken in Stedt,
Un zittert in jeden Gebet
In nacht-dertronkene Derfer;
Schreit oif mit jeden geboirenem Kind,
Un steht beim Goisses zukopens vun Bett —
Er wet
Allein gehn mit ihm vun der Welt.

THE CONCEPTION OF GOD

Infinite outspreading. Eternal thought. Substance. In all parts He is whole — God. He is shining out of all the stars, from all eyes His light is shining, with all things He touches you, in every vein He lives through you. Every breath He breathes in, and breathes out every spoken word; He is with you in your every move, is living in every room of your house. In every joy He sings aloud with you, and weeps with you in every sorrow. And grows upwards with every blade of grass, and wilts with every leaf on the ground. Through all the rivers goes his song, through the deserts He storms with sand, and flames with every fire, hissing like a snake. And He roars by day through markets in towns, and trembles in every prayer in villages drowned in the night; screams aloud with every new born child, and stands at the bedstead of the dying man — He will Himself leave the world with him.

Umendlichkeit

Oif alle Wegen geh ich zu dir,
Umendlichkeit, Umendlichkeit . . .
Ois alle Wasseren hoib ich afir
Verwunderte Oigen un kuck noch dir,
Un trink mich on mit der Spiegelschein,
Un tunk mich wieder ein.

Oif alle Wegen geh ich zu dir,
Umendlichkeit, Umendlichkeit.
In alle Geister bleib ich a Weil,
Un schiess arois zu der Sunn wie a Feil
Durch dem oisgespannten Boigen
Durch die Bremen vun die Oigen,
Un trink mich on mit dem gildernem Strahl,
Un fall.

Gewissen

Asoi wie a Hund var dem Hintschlegers Schling
Antloif ich flink
Var mein eigen Gewissen.
Die Oiren eingezoigen — un oisgezoigen
Mit alle Vier iber der gaffendiger Stodt,
Bis in die schmole Gassen, bis zwischen zwei
hoiche Moieren.
Ich ssape schwer, un kler:
Ach is dos gewen a Gejeg — a Schoier!

INFINITY

On all roads I move toward you, Infinity, Infinity! From all waters I lift my wondering eyes and stare at you, and drink my fill of your mirroring light, and vanish beneath the water again.

On all roads I move toward you, Infinity, Infinity! In all spirits I tarry a while, and from beneath the brows of eyes I shoot out to the sun like an arrow from the bent bow, and drink my fill of the golden ray — and fall.

CONSCIENCE

Like a dog running from the dog-catcher's sling, swiftly I run from my conscience. With ears drawn in and limbs outstretched I dash through the gaping city, down to the narrow alleys, to a passage between two high houses. I breathe heavily and think: Oh, what a horrible race! And

Un plutzling derlangt es a Riss beim Hals —
Verloiren, verloiren is allz!
Un ich schrei, schrei noch einmol hoich
noch dem Riss,
Un leg mich anider zum Hintschlegers Fiss —
Un lieg zu Fissen
Vun mein Gewissen.

Der Moiach hammert var Schreck, Funken
glihen var die Oigen:
Ach — wolt ich einmol noch mich oisgezoigen
Mit alle Vier iber der Stodt — —
Der Moiach hoibt sich var Schreck, Funken
glihen in meine hintische Oigen.
Der Hintschleger — itzt seh ich, wos ch'hob
asoi oft gehert —
Halt an eisernem Hammer, far uns, die Hind —
a Henker-Schwerd;
Un der Scharben oif mein Moiach is
vun weichen Knochen,
Wet weren asoi leicht gebrochen,
Un Moiach wet spritzen ois meine Oigen.

Ich lieg zu Fissen
Un leck vull Zaar
Die Stiewel vun mein brennendig Gewissen.

suddenly something grips at my throat — lost, all is lost! And after that grip I scream once more and lie down at the dog-catcher's feet, and remain at the feet of my conscience. My brain is hammering with fear, sparks are glowing before my eyes: Oh if I could just once more stretch my limbs in a run through the city! — — My brain is burning with fear, sparks are glowing in my canine eyes — I see now, what I so often heard: the dog catcher is holding an iron mallet in his hand, for us, the dogs, the sword of the executioner; and the skull above my brain is of soft bone — it will break so easily, and brain will squirt through my eyes. I lie prostrate and in anguish lick the boots of my burning conscience.

Stumme Willigung

Ich bin wie die Steiner in die Strosen-Ecken,
Un konnst oif mir treten wieviel nor du willst —
Un schweigen wel ich wie die Steiner
schweigen,
Ich wel nischt kleren kein Schlechts iber dir,
Wie die Steiner, mein Freind.

Ich bin wie die Steiner in die Strosen-Ecken;
Drei Fiss die leng un ein Fuss die Flach —
Willst efschar boien a Mikdesch far Frieden,
A Mikdesch mit Teremer stille wie Geist —
Ch'bin drei Fiss die Leng un ein Fuss die Flach.
Hack vun mir a Trepp zu dein heilig Gemach.

MUTE ACQUIESCENCE

I am like the stones at street crossings, and you may step upon me as much as you wish, and I shall be silent and mute, even as the stones; I shall not think evil of you, my friend, even as the stones.

I am like the stones at the street crossings; three feet long and one foot wide — Mayhap you wish to build a sanctuary for peace, a sanctuary with towers as silent as spirit — I am three feet long and one foot wide. Cut a threshold to your sacred hall out of me. — —

ABRAHAM REISEN

Oif'n Jam

I

Un wieder der Jam un die Wellen-Berg wieder,
Un wieder die Vejgel begleiten vun hinten,
Un schreien un larmen mit wilden Geruder.
Un wieder die Sturems, die krechzende Winten.

Un wieder in Schiff in dem einsamen, groissen,
Inmitten dem Himmel, inmitten dem Wasser;
Un wieder, o, wanderstu mid un verstoissen,
Du orimer Menschel, du troiriger, blasser!

Wuhin un zu wem un zu wossere Zielen?
Dos Glick liegt behalten in Obgrund in tiefen,
Der Jam wet dein Durscht noch dem Glick dir nit stillen,
Dich welen nit brengen zu ihm keine Schiffen . . .

II

Beruhigt is der Jam. Still keikelt er die Wellen,
Un loiter kuckt er, mild, zum Himmel zu dem hellen,
Es dacht sich, er, der Ries is zum Beschluss gekummen :
Nit helfen wet sein Warfen sich, sein Laremen un Brummen . . .

ON THE SEA

I

Again the sea, the mountainous waves, again the birds are following us with wild noise and tumult, and the storms again and the moaning winds.

Again in the huge, lonely ship, tossed between skies and water; again you wander weary and lost, you poor, pale-faced human being.

Whereto and to whom and to what goal? Happiness is hidden deep down the abyss; the sea will not quench your thirst for happiness; no ships will lead you to it . . .

II

Calmed is the sea. Quietly she rolls her waves, and looks so brightly and mildly towards the sky, as if she, the giant, has come to the conclusion that her tossing, roaring and growling will be of no avail.

Un alle seine starke, riesige Verlangen
Wet er schoin keinmol nit imstand sein zu derlangen.
Oich ihm hot Gott bestimmt gewisse Wegen,
Un keinmol wet er nit arois vun seine Bregen . . .

III

Es hot zu mir a Wall geredt :
Genug gewandert schoin, Poet!
Du meinst, die Welt is wirklich groiss? —
Ach, noch e i n Reise, un schoin ois!

A keilechdige is die Erd —
Dos hot men lang schoin, lang derklert —
Un wu du lost sich suchen Glick,
Du kummst zum selben Ort zurick . . .

Grine

1

Mir sennen mit a fremder Schiff
Gekummen do aher;
A fremder Kapitan gefihrt
Hot uns oif'n breiten Meer.
Die Schiff hot sich gewiegt ahin
Un sich gewiegt aher,
Un hot sie wemen eingewiegt —
Hot er gecholemt schwer.

And all her strong, giant longings she never will be able to satisfy. For her too God has marked a road, and never will she leave her shores.

III

A wave has spoken to me: Poet, you have wandered enough! You think the world is really wide? Oh, one more trip — and the end is reached.

Round is the earth — that has been proved long long ago; and wherever you start in your search for happiness you arrive back at the selfsame spot.

NEWCOMERS

1

We arrived here aboard a foreign ship; a strange captain steered us over the wide sea. The ship rocked to and fro, and if perchance she rocked anyone to sleep, he dreamed uneasily.

2

A neie Land, a fremde Land —
Wer sennen dorten sei?
Wer s'hot a Weib gelosst allein
Mit kleine Kinder zwei;
A Gertendel, a Schtibele,
A Taten weiss wie Schnej . .
Un jedes Harz besunder hot
Gedrickt an ander Weh . . .

3

Wie lang wet gehn die Schiff, wie lang?
Hot jeder still getracht.
Gefregt bei ein Matros, hot er,
A Fremder, sich zelacht.
Gebiten hot die Nacht a Tog,
Dem Tog — a schwarze Nacht,
Bis wan der fremder Kapitan
Hot uns zum Breg gebracht.

4

Begegent hot a Fremder uns
Un streng gefregt : "Gesund?"
Un hot betracht uns jederen,
Wie men betracht a Hund.
Gekuckt in d'Oigen un in Moil.
Betracht uns mit a Grund — —
Wolt er gekuckt in Harzen noch,
Wolt er dersehn — a Wund . . .

2

A new land, a strange land — who are they over there? One left a wife alone with two small children, a tiny garden, a hut, a father white as snow . . . And every heart was oppressed by a different woe . . .

3

How long will the ship sail, how long? each one quietly thought. When a sailor was questioned, a stranger, he burst into laughter. Night turned into day, the day — into black night, until the strange captain brought us to the shore.

4

A stranger met us and sternly asked: "Healthy?" and regarded us as one regards a dog. Looked into the eyes and into the mouth. Inspected us for a good reason. — Had he but looked into the heart, he might have seen a wound . . .

5

Mir hoben sich die Hend derlangt
Un sich zesegent stumm — —
Wet men sich wenn begegenen
In Johren lang arum?
Vun weiten hot die Stodt gedroht,
Geschrocken mit ihr Brumm . . .
Un zwischen Zehndling-Sprachige
Gegangen se'mir stumm . . .

In Die Weitste Lender . . .

In die weitste Lender
Sennen mir zeschpreit —
Jeder Teil a Ringel
In der langer Keit.

Bei die alle Teichen,
— Nischt vun Bowel blois —
Sennen mir gesessen
Suchendig a Hois.

Itzter is uns teier
Gor die ganze Welt.
S'steht bei weitste Bregen
Unsers a Gezelt . . .

Itzter is uns teier
Weichsel un der Rhein,

5

We shook each other's hand and bade farewell in silence — — Shall we ever meet again in years to come? From the distance the city threatened us, alarming with her din . . . Among those speaking tens of languages we went about mute . . .

IN THE MOST DISTANT LANDS

In the most distant lands we are scattered — each part a link in the long chain.

By all the rivers, not of Babylon alone, we have been sitting in search of a home.

Now the whole world is dear to us. There is pitched at the remotest shores a tent of ours.

Now the Vistula and the Rhine are dear

Un der breiter Dnjeper
Roischt uns oichet schejn.

Un der freier Hudson
Winkt uns freindlich zu,
Do bei seine Bregen
Kriegen mir erscht Ruh!

Welches Lied mir heren
Is bekannt der Ton,
Welcher Teich es rieselt
Weht a Benkschaft on.

Welche Fohn es flattert
Grisst sie uns bekannt,
Welche Schiff es segelt —
Zu a Bruder's Land!

Dos Wort

A Wort ruht mir in Harzen,
S'is nei un frei un frumm,
Ich konn es nit oisreden,
Ich bin far ihm noch stumm.

A Zweiter wet es sogen
In Johren lang arum;
Dos Wort is ober meines —
Gewen bin ich nor stumm.

to us, and the wide Dnieper also charms us with its murmur.

And the free Hudson beckons us with friendship. Here by its shores we at last get real rest.

Whatever song we hear, its tune seems familiar, whatever river purls, it awakens a yearning.

Every flag that flutters greets us familiarly, whatever ship is sailing — to a brother's land it goes.

THE WORD

A word reposes in my heart, it is new and free and pious; I cannot utter it, I am still mute for it.

Someone else will say it in many years to come. Yet the word is mine — I have only been mute.

Heimische Techter

(*A New Yorker Bild*)

Ich geh in die roischende Gassen —
Schoin sechs is der Seiger varnacht —
In Reihen in schwarze sich ziehen
Die jidische Techter verschmacht.

O jidische Techter vun Schepper!
In Blick bei eich seh ich geheim
Dem Chejn vun dem jidischen Schtedtel,
Dem Glanz vun der weit-weiter Heim.

Ihr geht iber steinerne "Street"en —
Die Erd un der Himmel verstellt —
Doch duften noch eiere Kleider
Die Duften vun schtedtelschen Feld . . .

Un kuck ich eich on alle tiefer,
Derseh ich noch mehrer un noch :
Die Kroinen vun toisender Johren,
Sei glanzen arois vun dem Joch.

Denn alle seid ihr doch Bass-Malkes,
Der Jiches ruht still eich in Blick . . .
Wie seid ihr verschklaft itzt geworen!
Wer brengt eich zum Kenig zurick? . . .

DAUGHTERS OF THE OLD COUNTRY

I walk through the bustling streets, it is already six o'clock after noon — in dark rows Jewish daughters drag along harassed.

O Jewish daughters of the factories! In your gaze I see hidden the charm of the small Jewish town, the glimmer of the far-away home.

You stride upon stony streets, where sky and earth are concealed from your eyes — but your skirts still retain the aroma of your native field.

And when I observe you more closely I behold much more: The ancient crowns of milleniums are shining through the yoke.

For princesses are you all, nobility rests calmly in your gaze. How enslaved have you become now! Who shall bring you back to the King?

H. ROISENBLATT

Ch'bin A Wasserstrom . . .

Ch'bin a Wasserstrom. Geboiren
Hot a Barg mich, un verloiren
Zwischen hoiche, wisste Felsen ergitz in a Tol
a tiefen.

Mit an umetigen Nigen
Werbes iber mir sich wiegen,
Un a groie More-sch'choire hot mich ongegriffen.

Bis zum groissen Jam dem breiten
Wet mich Gott allein beleiten,
Zu die Wasseren die tiefe wet Er mich
vananderteilen — —

Var die hoiche Turem-Inden,
Var die freie Sturem-Winden,
Starker Gott, wos wel ich hoben zu derzehlen?

I'M A WATER CURRENT . . .

I'm a water current. Born by a mountain, and lost among high, waste rocks in a deep valley.

With a sad melody willows sway over me, and a grey melancholy has overtaken me.

To the great, broad ocean God Himself will take me. Throughout the deep waters He will distribute me.

Great God, what shall I have to relate to the tower-high waves, to the free storm-winds?

J. ROLNIK

Meine Jamen . . .

Meine Jamen sennen stille,
Meine Schiffen gehen weit,
Meine Schiffen welen kummen
In der rechter Zeit.

Gott fihrt sei oif stille Wegen,
Gott weisst doch die Wegen gut;
Wos-zshe hob ich sich zu sorgen —
S'wet schoin alz sein gut.

Incognito

Jeden Tog a Schoh varanen:
Tu ich ois die Kenigs-Kleider,
Nemm in Hand dem Wander-Stecken
Un verlos mein eigen Chejder.

Ch'los sich iber Merk un Gassen,
Iber obgezamte Haiser;
Jeder Jingel warft a Stein noch,
Jeder Hund schickt mir a Beiser.

Fremde Klamkes brennen, brihen;
Wunden machen scharfe Steiner — —
Incognito umgewandelt
Hot a Kenig schoin nit einer.

MY SEAS . . .

My seas are calm, my ships go far. My ships will arrive in due time.

God leads them on calm ways, God knows well the ways. Why then shall I be worried? — Everything will turn out well.

INCOGNITO

Every day there is an hour: I doff the royal clothes, take in hand the wanderer's staff and leave my own room.

I meander through the market places and streets, past fenced-in houses; every urchin throws a stone, every dog barks at me.

Strange door-latches burn, scald; sharp stones cause wounds — more than one king has already roamed about incognito.

Ich Bin Nit Reich . . .

Ich bin nit reich; ich hob ein Beged
Far Hois un Schuhl un far'n Weg;
In Mark-Teg geh ich in ihm handlen,
Un Gott beten in Jomtov-Teg.

Es fallt oif ihm der Stoib vun Summer,
Der Koit vun ossjendige Teg,
Dem Rinnstocks Spritz — — Un alle Seifen
Verwaschen nit kein einz'gen Fleck . . .

Oif Ssimches un zwischen Awejlim
In selben Kleid. Ich bin nit reich.
Un mit die alle Flecken kummen
Wel ich in Himmels Kenigreich.

Oif Gott's Berot

Oif Gott's Berot! Soll Er mich fihren
Wuhin Er will un wie Er will . . .
Ich wel antkegen sich nit stellen,
Un wie a Kind Ihm nochgehn still.

Oif Spitzen Berg, in tiefe Thoimes,
Mit Oigen offene — doch blind;
In Lager vun die wilde Chajes;
Der Tate fihrt — wet gehn dos Kind.

I AM NOT RICH . . .

I am not rich; I have only one garment for house and synagogue and for the road. I go out to trade in it on days of the fair, and to pray to God on holidays.

The dust of summer falls upon it, the mud of autumn, the splash of the gutter — — and all the soaps cannot wash off a single stain.

To celebrations and among mourners I go in the same garment, I am not rich. And with all these stains I shall come into the Kingdom of Heaven.

GOD'S WILL!

God's will! Let Him lead me wherever He will and how He will! Against Him I will not stand, and like a child I'll follow silently.

On hill tops, in deep ravines, with open eyes — yet blind; in the lair of wild beasts— the Father leads, the child will follow.

MORRIS ROSENFELD

Walt Whitman

O du, in wemes starker Singerbrust
Es hoben sich zwei Obgrunden vereinigt:
Die Tiefkeit vun verklerten Himmel un
Die still verwiegte Tiefkeit vun der Erd;
In wemes Harz es hot gescheint die Sunn
Un die Lewone, wu es hoben hell geglanzt
Die Steren, ganze Welten ohn a Zohl;
In wemes Harz es hot gegrint der Mai,
Un wu dem Dunners Brumm hot sich gemischt
Mit dem Gezwitscher vun der Nachtigall;
In wemes wunderstarken Lied men fihlt
Die Allmacht un die Pracht vun der Natur —
Prophet unsterblicher, ich gib dir Loib,
Ich fall in Stoib itzt var dein Stoib un sing.

Ich Lieb Dem Wind . . .

Ich lieb dem Wind, ich lieb dem Jam,
Denn wie der erschter bin ich elend,
Un wie der zweiter roischt mein Harz.

Ich lieb die Wolken, lieb die Nacht,
Denn wie die erschte konn ich weinen
Un wie die zweite is mein Welt.

WALT WHITMAN

O, you in whose sturdy singer's breast two abysses have united: the depth of the musing sky and the depth of the earth, rocked in stillness; in whose heart the sun shone and the moon; where the stars beamed clearly, entire worlds without number; in whose heart May was verdant, and where the thunder's peal mingled with the twittering of the nightingale; in whose marvelously powerful song one feels the omnipotence and the splendor of nature —

Immortal prophet! I give you praise. I fall in the dust before your dust and sing.

I LOVE THE WIND

I love the wind, I love the sea, — for I can weep like the first and my world is like the second.

M. SCHIFRIS

Gedanken-Blitzen

Gedanken-Blitzen
Hob ich in Strick geflochten,
Un wie a Toicher
Sich arobgelosst
Oif'n Obgrund vun mein Harz.
Ich hob vulle Hoifens Perel ongenummen
Un geworfen in die Gassen.
Kluge Menschen hoben sei zechappt,
Un spottisch geschmeichelt iber mir . . .

FLASHES OF THOUGHT

I braided flashes of thought into rope and like a diver I descended into the very depths of my heart. I gathered heaps of pearls and scattered them in the street. Prudent people caught them and looked at me with a derisive smile.

S. SCHNEJUR

A Stein

Es is gewen a Nacht, a Summernacht a kihle.
Ongesapt mit Bloi un Lewone-Schein un Liebe
Is sie zugefallen leidenschaftlich zu der Erd,
Wie a heisse, reiche Mame zu ihr elender Jessoime,
Weich arumgenummen sie mit ssametene Himmlen,
Gekuscht mit Grosen-Reiches, gewischt mit
Wintlech,
Geweint vun Freid mit Meteoren,
Un ergitz hot a Grill dersegt ihr Serenade,
Un ergitz hot a Zshabe lang gequaket Krischme,
Un ergitz wu in Gros bin ich gelegen elend,
Ergitz wu in Gros . .
Der Kerper zugeschmiedt zu drerd; un die
Neschome
Hot geblonset un gesucht a Ziel in tiefen Himmel.
Un zwischen Guf un Seele, hoich in Himmel-Aether
Sennen durchgeschwummen langsam silberne,
verklerte
Sticklech Wolken, Sticklech Wolken . . .
A Wolken a Gedank, a Wolken a Fantasje . . .
A Wolken a zesterter weisser Cholem . . .
Un zwischen Guf un Seele hoben weich geflimmert
Welten Steren.

Ergitz wu in Gros bin ich gelegen elend
Un gesucht a Harz, mit wemen sich zu teilen
Die Benkschaft in der Nacht.

A STONE

It was a night, a cool summer night. Replete with blueness and moon-shine and love; she fell passionately upon the earth, like a passionate wealthy mother upon her friendless orphan, emraced her softly with velvety skies, kissed her with grass scents, caressed her with breezes, wept for joy with meteors, and somewhere a cricket sawed its serenade, and somewhere a frog croaked continually the "prayer before sleep," and somewhere in the grass I lay forsaken — somewhere in the grass. . . The body clung to the ground; and the soul strayed and sought for a goal in heaven's deep. And between body and soul, high, way up in the ether of skies, wistful, silvery fragments of clouds swam through slowly. . . A cloud — a thought, a cloud — a fantasy. . . A cloud — a shattered white dream. And between body and soul softly twinkled worlds of stars.

Somewhere in the grass I lay in lonesomeness and sought for a heart to share the yearning in the night.

Gewen is zuviel gut, as ich soll konnen schweigen,
Zu frisch dos Gros, as ich allein soll schmecken,
Zu viel tief der Himmel, as mein Gedank soll dorten
Unschwimmen allein un nit dertronken weren.
A groisses Summer-Glick is in der Luft gehongen —
Gebeten sich in Hand arein, gebeten sich in
Harzen —
A Glick zu groiss, zu siss far ein Neschome
zu verdoien.
Mit wemen teilen sich is ober nit gewesen.
Alle hoben vun der Nacht, vun groissen
Summer-Glick
Nor kleine, kleine Stickelech geganwet,
Behalten sich mit Weib un Kinder, mit Kalles
un Chassanim,
Verschlossen Tir un Loden, keiner soll nit sehen,
Un nogen dorten stillerheit, as keiner soll nit heren,
Itlicher in sein Kanure vun sein Breckel Naches . . .

Ich hob gesucht a Harz, un hob a Stein gefunnen.
Elend in dem Gros wie ich is er gelegen,
Gornischt gebendig dem Leben — groi un kalt
un hart
Hot er allein vun Leben gornischt nit gewart.
Ich hob ihm zugeruckt zu sich, un zugedrickt
mit Benkschaft
Wie zu a stummen Bruder mein zehitzten Steren.
Verhillt ihm gedicht mit meine schwarze Locken,
Gefihlt mit meine Oderen sein Steiner-Harz,
Ongetapt mit meine Nerven sein granit'nem Doifek,

It was too good, that I should be able to keep still, too fresh the grass that I alone should smell it, too deep the sky that my thought should float there alone without drowning. A tremendous summery bliss was suspended in the air — it craved to be grasped, it craved to enter the heart — a bliss too great, too sweet for one soul to absorb. Yet there was no one with whom to share it. All have merely stolen tiny fragments of the night, of the enthralling summer-bliss, have hidden themselves with wives and children, with brides and bridegrooms, closed doors and shutters lest some one see them, and gnaw there in stillness — lest some one hear them, each in his nook — at his crumb of pleasure.

I sought a heart and found a stone. Lonesome as I it lay in the grass, yielding nothing to life, grey and soiled and hard, it expected nothing from life. I moved it closer toward me and longingly pressed it to my feverish forehead, as if it were a mute brother, covered it almost with my black locks, felt with my veins its strong heart, touched with my nerves its granite pulse,

Eingesapt in sich mit toisend Meilchlech vun
mein Hoit
Sein Schweigen un sein Hartkeit.
Un ch'hob gefihlt ohn Werter, wieviel Wasseren
un Stromen
S'hoben ihm gekoikelt un geschleidert;
Wieviel Regens hoben ihm geschwenkt,
un wieviel Winten
Hoben ihm verschoten un zurick aroisgegroben,
Wieviel Winteren er hot gewusst, un wieviel
Summer-Necht
Er is gelegen elend, elend, elend . . .

Er schweigt, er schweigt mein Stein, un ich
wel schweigen oich.
Vun vermachte Loden kucken Zinglech Fajerlech
mit Spott,
In verschparte Haiser schweben heisse
Froien-Schotens . . .
Er schweigt, er schweigt mein Stein, un ich
wel schweigen oich.

absorbed through a thousand pores in my skin its silence and its hardness. And without utterance I felt how many waters and streams had rolled and flung it, how many rains had washed it and how many storms had buried it and dug it up again; how many winters it had known and how many summer nights it had lain alone, alone, alone. . .

My stone is silent, silent — and I too shall be silent. From behind closed shutters strips of light peep mockingly; hot shadows of women float in bolted houses. . . My stone is silent, silent, and I also shall be silent. . .

J. J. SCHWARZ

In Onhoib Sennen Sei Gewesen Weiss . . .

In Onhoib sennen sei gewesen loiter, weiss,
Die runde Schnej-Kuglen wos oif'n Kust —
Wie s'sennen weiss un rund die Brusten vun
dem Mejdel,
Wos hot vun Sind noch keinmol nit gewusst.

Dernoch, in Oigust, sennen sei geworen ros
— Die Sunn hot heiss gekuscht sei mit ihr Licht —
Wie es is rosig in der erschter Liebe
Dos klore, zarte, mejdelsche Gesicht.

Un itzter stehen sei inganzen dunkelbroin,
Un troimen weiter noch vun weiss un ros . . .
Sei wiegen still in stillen Licht die broine Kepp
Arobgelosen schwer zum gelen Gros.

Lieb Ich Die Erd . . .

Lieb ich die Erd oif welcher ich tret —
Frisch is die Erd un fruchtbar un fett.
Mejdelsche Erd, asoi nochgiebig, mild,
Kuscht meine Tritt mit ihr Gros un sie kihlt.
Hoicht vun ihr Ingeweid Eppel-Geschmack,
Fochen die Wintlech un gleten mein Back.
Ch'weiss, s'is die Erd nit verheiligt mit Blut —
S'liegt ergitz andersch mein Tate un ruht.
Ober mein Kind vun ihr Erd is a Stick,
Loicht in ihr Licht, is beglickt vun ihr Glick.

IN THE BEGINNING THEY WERE WHITE

In the beginning they were pure white, the round snowballs on the bushes — as are white and round the breasts of the maiden who has not as yet known of sin.

Later in August they turned rosy — (the sun passionately kissed them with his light,) as the chaste, tender, girlish face is rosy, flushed in her first love.

And now they stand altogether dark brown, yet still they dream on of white and rose . . . They calmly sway in the still light, their brown heads drooping heavily on the sere grass.

I LOVE THE SOIL

I love the soil on which I tread, fresh is the soil, and fruitful and fat. Virgin soil, so yielding and mild, kisses and cools my footsteps with her grasses. Her loam exhales an apple-savor, zephyrs are blowing, caressing my cheek. Forsooth! this soil is not sanctified by my blood — otherwhere my father lies and rests. Yet my child is part of this soil, radiant in her light, rejoicing in her bliss.

ASCHER SCHWARZMAN

Mein Bruder's Lippen

Mein Bruder's Lippen bloilich gel,
Un zittern — dem letzten Zitter . . .
Wet emitz kuschen sei achutz sein Mutter?

Mein Bruder's Hand vergliwert werd
Un will die Erd umarmen —
Wet efschar emitzer sie oif sein Brust derwarmen?

Mein Bruder's Fuss is obgedeckt,
Verblutigt un in Koit,
Un still kuckt ihr sich iber : Toit?

O, nein!
Vun alz wos eich betribt
Is mein Bruder rein!

A sunn-bescheinter Ries hot er sich oifgestellt
Mit oisgeschpreiter Hand oif gorer Welt . . .
A groiss bloi Schweigen is atzund sein Heichel —
Un s'is sein Sunnenblick far alles moichel,
moichel . . .

MY BROTHER'S LIPS

My brother's lips are bluish-yellow, and quivering — their final quiver . . . Will someone, besides his mother, kiss them?

My brother's arm stiffens and wants to embrace the earth — will someone perhaps warm it at his bosom?

My brother's foot, bloody and soiled, is uncovered — and silently you look at each other: dead?

Oh no! From everything that afflicts you my brother is clean!

A sun-bedazzled giant he rose with outspread hand over the entire world. . . An immense blue silence presently is his abode and his sunlike gaze is forgiving, forgiving everything. . . .

MARK SCHWEID

Der Milch-Weg

Sieben schmole Stegen hot der weisser Milchweg.
Oif'n Scheidweg sitzt a Passtuchel un spielt.
Neben Passtuch steht verbenkt a junge Malke
In a leichten weissen Silber-Tjul verhillt.

Oif die sieben Stegen blonsen sieben Reiter.
Jeder trogt a Panzer mit a blanken Schwert —
Un er wolt sich leicht sein gleichen Weg
gefunnen —
Nor die weisse Malke oif'n Scheidweg stert.

Moideh Ani

Moideh ani lefonecho . . . Gott, nit zoren —
Seh, wos vun dein Kind is in der Fremd geworen . . .
Schwere Johren, Lender viele —
Ich gedenk nit mehr die Tfile.

Moideh ani lefonecho . . . Ch'hob vergessen
Alz zulieb a rein Geleger, Ruh un Essen;
Ch'hob unendlich viel gelitten,
Hot mein Tfile sich verbitten.

Moideh ani lefonecho . . . Kumm antkegen,
Ch'bin awek Dich suchen oif verdrehte Wegen ;
Ch'bin noch jung un unerfahren,
S'konnen Fremde mich vernarren.

THE MILKY WAY

Seven narrow paths has the Milky Way. At the parting of the ways a young shepherd sits and plays. At his side stands a young queen full of yearning, enshrouded in a silver veil.

Upon the seven paths seven knights are erring. Each is clad in armor and has a shining sword at his side, and each could easily find his way, but for the white queen at the parting of the ways.

MORNING PRAYER

"I confess to Thee . . ." Lord God, be not angry — see what has become of Thy child among strangers. . . . Burdensome years, many lands, I no longer remember the morning prayer.

"I confess to Thee. . ." I have forgotten. And all for the sake of a clean bed, rest and food. Endlessly I have suffered, until my prayer has somehow changed.

"I confess to Thee . . ." Come to meet me. I went to search for Thee on crooked roads. I am young as yet and inexperienced — easily strangers could lure me.

Der Brief Vun Die Sieben Brider Zu Die Sieben Brider

Schejne sieben Brider, mir schreiben eich dem Emess,
Nor der Jam wos scheidt uns macht dem Emess bleicher.

Uns geht do gut:
Mir hoben Holz zum Heizen,
Mir hoben Salz zum Broit —
Un Lieder singen mir die alte noch;
Tog un Nacht, un Fisch un Vejgel
Un Regenboigens hoben mir do oich.
Nor unser Schejnkeit blonset um
Oif alle wisste Wegen
Un redt Rejd, wos passen far a Gassenfroi.
Sie woint oif der Spazier-Allee —
Un tut uns Cherpes on,
Uns sieben Brider.

Mir grissen eich, un schicken eich
Drei wilde Niss wos wegen sieben Zentner,
A Kriegel Boimejl un zwei getruckente Fisch.

Vun uns die sieben Brider wos schreiben eich dem Emess,
Nor der Jam wos scheidt uns macht dem Emess bleicher.

THE LETTER OF THE SEVEN BROTHERS TO THE SEVEN BROTHERS

Dear seven brothers, we write you the truth, but the ocean between us makes the truth appear paler.

We are well-off over here: we have fuel to burn, we have salt for our bread, and as yet it is the old songs we are singing day and night; and fish, and birds, and rainbows we have too. But our Beauty meanders along all evil roads and talks as befits but a woman of the streets. She lives on the main avenue and makes us feel ashamed, us seven brothers.

We greet you and send you herewith three wild nuts weighing seven measures, a flask of oil, and two dried fishes.

Your seven brothers who write you the truth, but the ocean between us makes the truth appear paler.

Dos Lied Vun Mein Umetig Blut

Ich hob do alle Muhmes in America;
Ich verdien oif Broit un oif Theater in America ;
Hob schoin gesehn die Niagara Wasserfallen,
Un schoin gesehn dos hechste Haisel in der Welt,
Wos der Baalbos davun is a Ssoicher
Vun finfgroschendige Sachen,
Un ich gib ihm oft zu leisen.
Hob schoin spaziert iber der gresster Brick
in der Welt;
Hob schoin getrogen Schich un Schnipslech
Gekoift bei Jochanan Wanamaker,
A Mensch wos hot die gresste Krom in der Welt
Un is (weh un wund is mir) nischt kein Jid.
Ich hob a Seigerel wos hot berihmt gemacht
dem Dollar.
Ich bin schoin do gefohren
Mit der schnellster Bahn in der Welt,
Wos ruft sich do "Zwanzigster Johrhundert
Begrenezt".
Un Bicher krieg ich frei do in dem schensten
Einband.
Un doch —
Un doch is mir do umetig,
Oi umetig,
Oi umetig,
Oi umetig asoi —
As mit die Niagara Wasserfallen
Wolt ich gewollt mitfallen,
Un vun dem hechsten Haisel in der Welt

THE SONG OF MY ILL HUMOURED BLOOD

I have all my aunts here in America. I earn enough for bread and theatre in America. Have already seen the Niagara Falls, and already seen the tallest building in the world, the owner of which is a dealer in five cent articles, and quite often I buy of him. I have already walked across the largest bridge in the world; worn shoes and cravats bought at John Wanamaker's, who owns the biggest store in the world and who is, woe betide me, not a Jew. I own a watch that made the dollar famous. I have already ridden on the fastest express train in the world, that is called "The Twentieth Century Limited." And I obtain here books gratis in the most beautiful binding.

And yet—and yet I feel so gloomy, oh so ill humored, so dejected, so sad, that I would rather rush headlong with the Niagara Waterfall; be swept off the tallest building in the world by an Alaskan wind;

Soll mich an alasker Wind arobtrogen,
Un vun der gresster Brick in der Welt
Wollt ich mit a Schmeichel arobgesprungen,
Un stott in Wanamakers Schich
Wollt ich besser gewollt gehn borwess
Mit zekaljetschete Fiss,
Un besser wollt ich keinmol nit gewusst
wie schpet es is,
Lieberscht wollt der "Zwonzigster Johrhundert
Begrenezt"
Mich ibergefohren
Un zespritzt mein umetig Blut oif die Relsen
Vun New York bis Chicago —
Eider nischt zu konnen sich boden in der Weichsel,
Un spazieren oif der Marschalkowska,
Un lachen wie a Mensch,
Un vun Zeit zu Zeit weren umetig in Gesellschaft
Un arois-sifzen:
"Sechs Johr hob ich verbracht in America."

and with a smile I would jump off the biggest bridge in all the world; and instead of wearing Wanamaker's shoes, I'd rather go barefoot, with bruised feet; and better that I'd never know the time; I'd prefer the Twentieth Century Limited to run over me and bespatter its tracks from New York to Chicago with my dejected blood—than to be unable to bathe in the Vistula and promenade along the Marshalkovska, and laugh like a human being, and from time to time get gloomy at a party and utter with a sigh: "Six years I've spent in America."

S. SEGALOWITSCH

Die Schwanen

Die Schwanen die schlanke, die weisse,
Sei schwimmen, sei schwimmen zum Breg,
Dort federen sei sich gelassen,
Die Federlech fliehen aweck.

Varnacht wenn dos Wasser is warem
Un roit vun dem blutigen Schein,
Dann weren sei mider un foiler,
Sei drimlen — sei schlofen schoin ein.

Die Schnoblen verruckt in die Fliglen —
Wer weiss seier Troim, wer versteht?
Sei chappen sich oif oif a Rege,
Un schwimmen verschlofenerheit.

Un schpet, wenn a Voigel a wilder
Derlangt ergitz nohnt a Geschrei,
Dann schlofen schoin mehr nit die Schwanen,
Es fallt on a Pached oif sei.

Sei schwimmen arum in der Finster,
Un kucken aroif un arob,
Un schlingen die goldene Steren,
Wos spieglen in Wasser sich ob.

THE SWANS

The white, slender swans are swimming, swimming toward the shore. There they calmly moult and their feathers fly away.

Towards evening when the water is warm and red from the bloody glow, they become more weary and indolent; they doze — they are already asleep.

Their beaks are tucked under their wings. Who knows, who understands their dream! They awake for a moment and float on in slumber.

And at a late hour, when a wild bird loudly shrieks, the swans sleep no longer — terror overwhelms them.

They swim around in the darkness, glancing up and down, and they swallow the golden stars that are reflected in the water.

Ich Wel Singen Mein Lied . . .

Ich wel singen mein Lied
Wenn die Sunn wet vergehn,
Wenn die Stillkeit allein
Wet verwiegen alz mid.

Ich wel weben mein Troim
Wenn mein Umet zegeht . . .
Stillerheit, stillerheit
Wenn die Nacht otemt koim — —

Wenn es schloft allesding
Wel ich wach sein allein — —
Keiner wet nit dergehn
Wos ich troim, wos ich sing . . .

Mein Nigen

Dos Leben is a groisse Harfe
Mit Sstrunes lange, lange — —
Gott! Mit meine schwache Finger
Wilt sich mir die Sstrunes fangen.

Ober ch'will nischt keinem wecken
Un nischt treisten un nischt schrecken —
Kloib ich ois dem stillsten Nigen,
Sich allein nor einzuwiegen.

I WILL SING MY SONG

I will sing my song when the sun shall set, when silence alone shall wearily rock all to sleep.

I'll weave my dreams when my sadness dissolves — — Quietly, quietly, when the night hardly breathes.

When everything shall be asleep, I alone will be awake. No one shall find out what I dream, what I sing.

MY MELODY

Life is a bulky harp with long, long strings. God, with my frail fingers I wish to seize the strings.

Yet I wish to rouse no one, nor to console nor to scare. Thus I choose the softest melody to lull myself to sleep.

J. J. SIGAL

Summer

Schejn begegent der Summer meine liebe Freind,
Wos gehen ihm akegen mit wochedige Kleider
un groie Penimer;
Un schejn begegent der Summer meine teiere
Freind,
Wos kucken oif ihm vun weiten durch die groie
Fenster vun seiere Woinungen,
Un konnen ihm nischt aroisgehn antkegen.
Wos er weckt oif in Boimer,
Weckt er oich in sei.
Wos er rihrt oif in der Erd,
Rihrt er oich in sei.
Nor es bleibt in sei in stiller Busche schmeichlen.
Weil sei sennen mid zu blihen grin un groiss
asoi wie Beimer,
Weil sei sennen mid zu effenen sich breit un
frei asoi wie Felder.

In die Winklen vun die Schtiber wu meine liebe
Freind woinen
Liegen groie Seck mit eibiger Orimkeit.
In der Frih kummt die Sunn durch Schpares
vun die Tiren
Un verwebt sei mit Gold.
Un varnacht kummt sie roit un troierig
Un verlescht sich oif sei,
Un versinkt in sei . . .

SUMMER

Charmingly the summer greets my beloved friends, who go to meet it in everyday clothes and with grey faces. And charmingly the summer greets my dear friends, who look at it from the distance through the grey windows of their dwellings and cannot go to meet it. Whatever summer awakens in the trees, it also awakens in them. Whatever summer stirs in the soil, summer stirs in them, too; but — it remains in them smiling in quiet shyness, for they are too tired to blossom forth verdant and tall like trees, for they are too tired to reveal themselves as boundless as the fields.

In the corners of the houses where my beloved friends dwell lie grey bags of eternal poverty. In the morning the sun comes through the door-cracks and enmeshes them with gold. And toward evenings it comes red and sad, and becomes extinguished upon them, and sinks down among them . . .

Schejn gesegent sich der Summer mit meine liebe
Freind.
Wos er vertroit die Boimer,
Vertroit er sei.
Wos er verssoidet in der welkendiger Erd,
Verssoidet er oich in sei.

Charmingly the summer takes leave of my beloved friends. Whatever it communicates to the trees, it communicates to them; whatever it secretly whispers to the withering soil, it secretly whispers to them.

J. SLONIM

New York

I

Wie a wilde, a sturmische Mejdel mit eibigen
Unruh in Harzen,
Mit Impet vun Wind in die Locken, mit Fajer
vun Sunn in ihr Blick,
Derhoibt sich die Stodt in der Luften
verkischeft in felsige Turems,
Beringelt vun Jam un vun Teichen asoi wie a
Kind vun die Jamen,
Un weht in die Himmlen ihr Banner,
ihr Banner vun Freiheit un Glick.

Die Wasseren scheinen un glanzen, der Hafen
lacht sunning, bezoibert,
Un Gens wilde flihen wie Toiben vun Scholem
vun Wasser zum Breg.
Es truben die Lokomotiven, es ssopen die
Schifflech un Schiffen,
Es rudert dos eibige Streben, es jogt sich un
trogt sich dos Leben,
Un alz werd verlockt vun dem Mejdel,
wos zoibert vun Freiheit dem Weg.

Sie hert dem Geroisch vun die Velker,
dem Trampel vun fremde Nationen,
Es flihen vun Misroch un Maarew die Schiffen
zu ihr nochanand.

NEW YORK

I

Like a wild, stormy girl with eternal unrest in her heart, with the impetus of the wind in her locks, with the fire of the sun in her look, the city rises in the air bewitched into rocky towers, surrounded by the sea and the rivers, like a child of the seas, and floats her banner in the heavens, her banner of freedom and happiness.

The waters shine and glisten, the harbor laughs sunnily, enchanted, and wild geese fly like doves of peace from the waters to the shore.

The shrieking of the locomotives, the panting of the boats and ships, the commotion of the eternal striving, the heave and surge of life — all is allured by the Maiden who charms the road to Freedom.

She hears the buzzing of peoples, the tramping of foreign nations, from East and West, one after another the ships hurry to

Un sie spreit a Netz ois vun Sunnschein
un webt ois a Cholem a neiem,
Un drickt sei zum Harz wie a Mutter, un singt
ois durch glihende Strahlen:
"Ihr seid meine Kinder un ich bin der Geist
vun der Stodt, vun dem Land."

II

Die groisse Stodt is vull mit Freid un vull
mit groien Leid,
Sie trogt a Mantel farbenreich un oich
an orim Kleid;
Die groisse Stodt is Krankheit vull un oich
vull starker Kraft,
Mit Herzer mutig, fest wie Stohl — un Herzer
bleich, verschlafft;
Die groisse Stodt dos is a Ries, a Ries mit
Herzer zwei —
Ein Harz werd wild vun Freid, ein Harz
meschuge werd vun Weh;
Es mischt sich Schlechts un Gutskeit ois,
die Liebe mit dem Hass,
Chotsch Menschen leiden Noit, doch warft
men Fleisch far Hint in Gass . . .

Die groisse Stodt sie hot in sich mein Lach
un mein Gewein;
Sie is gewen mein Mutter, doch ich konn
sie nischt verstehn.

her. And she spreads out a net of sunshine and weaves a new dream, and presses them to her heart like a mother, and sings through glowing rays: "You are my children and I am the Spirit of the City, of the Land."

II

The great city is full of joy and full of grey sorrow. She wears a rich multifold cloak and also a poor gown. The great city is full of sickness and also of great strength; of brave hearts, strong as steel — and hearts bloodless and sickly. The great city is a giant, a giant with two hearts. — One heart goes wild with joy, one heart is mad with pain. Good and Bad mix together, Love with Hate. Though people suffer need, yet meat is thrown to dogs in the street . . .

The great city holds in herself my laughter and my tears. She is my mother, yet I cannot understand her. Often I hate her

Ich hass sie oft un lieb sie oft, un bensch
sie oft un schelt,
Ich lieb mein Heim, doch oft wolt ich aweck
in weiter Welt . . .
Mein Lied vun ihr is a Gesang mit
Dissonansen viel;
Oft is es Reder-Roisch, un oft a Stimmung
zart un still,
Oft fihlt sich nor Verzweiflung un a schwere,
groie Schreck,
Un oft a Freid wos lacht un treibt die
Wolkens schnell aweck.

Die groisse Stodt! Ich bin in ihr ohn
Keiten zugekeit.
Mein Geist hot sich mit ihr behefft, mein
Harz is ihr gegreit.
Sie is a Macheschejfe, un ihr Willen mus geschehn,
Un geh ich nor awek vun ihr, dann benk ich
sie zu sehn;
Oft fihl ich wie a Leib in Steig un reiss die
Grates bejs,
Doch brech ich ein die Steig, dann tut mir
leid — ch'geh nit arois . . .
Ich troim vun Wald, ich troim vun Feld
un Blumen ohn a Schier —
Doch glicklich in ihr Schmerz un Freid
bleib ich alz nor mit ihr . . .

and often I love her, and bless her often and curse her. I love my home, yet often would I run away into the great world . . .My song of her is a chant with many dissonances; sometimes it is like the rushing of wheels, sometimes it is in a gentle and still mood. Often one feels only despair and a heavy grey terror that laughs and quickly drives the clouds away.

The great city! Without chains I am chained to her. My soul is united with her, my heart is given to her. She is a witch, and her will must have its way, and as soon as I leave her, I long to see her again. Often do I feel like a lion in the cage and angrily I tear the bars, yet after I have broken the cage I regret and don't go out. I dream of woods, I dream of fields, of flowers endlessly — yet happy in her pain and joy I still remain with her.

ISRAEL STERN

Frihling In Spitol

I

Is a Wunder as die Kranke sennen Loitere un Zarte
Un Verkuckte ergitz weit un sehen dos wos
keiner seht nischt,
Liegen schpet beinacht un schmeichlen in der
Finsternisch arein,
Un die Betten gletten sei var Freid weil s'werd
sei klor a Retnisch?

Is a Wunder as die Kranke kummen oif vun seier
Drimmel
Reich un duftig (wie in Frihling chappt sich
oif vun Schlof a Somen),
Liegen frisch in stille Saalen un horchen wie
bei sei zukoppens
Hot a Klapp getun a Fliegel un emitz ruft
sei on beim Nomen?

Is a Wunder as die Kranke sennen greit zu
weren heilig,
Un warten ob die Messlessen mit Ssimche
wie men scheidt ob Maasser . . .
Is a Wunder wenn Kawjochel spaziert in Roim
vun die Spiteler
Wie s'hot Sein Geist amol geschwebt oif'n
Flach vun erschten Wasser?

SPRING IN THE HOSPITAL

I

Is it surprising that the sick are serene and tender, gaze far-off, and behold what no one sees, lie late at night and smile into the darkness, and caress the cots joyfully, because a riddle becomes clear to them?

Is it surprising that the sick emerge from their slumber rich and fragrant (like a seed awaking from its sleep in springtime) lie refreshed in quiet wards and hear a wing flapped at their heads and some one calling them by name?

Is it surprising that the sick are ready to turn holy and await with joy the passing of days and nights as tithe is allotted . . . Is it surprising that the Holy One is promenading through the hospitals, as his spirit once roamed the surface of the primeval waters?

II

Un vun wann is die Liebschaft wos geht
wie a Doktor
Vun Bettel zu Bettel un legt zu dos Oier,
Un der Saal weckt sich oif wie a derschrockene
Stodt
Wenn es gehen Geschreien vun jedweden Toier?

Un vun wann is die Liebschaft wos hengt
wie a Blitzlomp
Un reisst oif vun Schlof dem, wos cholemt allein,
Bis alle setzen sich oif — weisse in Stillkeit,
Kucken — trachten — un plutzling nemmt
on a Gewein?

Un wos alle Chalujim sennen sich asoi nohnt
Wie besundere Strahlen vun ein groisser
Genod —
Is es nischt weil sei sennen in der grober vergrebter
Welt die Balabatim vun der ejdelster Stodt?

III

Do is Reiach vun Einsamkeiten wie Hei,
wie Gros in'm Schoten vun Owend.
Do leben Menschen un wachsen blohe wie
Beimer beejs die Sunn geht starben.

II

And whence comes the Love that goes like a physician from cot to cot and applies its ear, and the ward awakes like a frightened city when shouts break forth from every gate?

And whence comes the Love that hangs like a big lamp and rouses from sleep him who dreams alone, until they all sit up — white in the silence — looking — thinking — and suddenly burst into weeping?

And that all the patients feel akin to one another like so many beams of one great Grace — is it not because in this rude and coarsened world they are the citizens of the most genteel town?

III

The odor of loneliness is here like that of hay, of grass in the evening shadow. Here people live and grow blue like trees when the sun dies down. Strangers come

Aherzu kummen Fremde, Mide wie Winten
oif a Feld varnacht
Un gehen vun dan wie poiersche Lieder as men
bindt schoin ein die letzte Garben.

Do sennen Herzer eingeboigen, fallen wie
Teg beim Untergehen.
Nor schejn is do der Untergang : Men fallt
in seidener Tunkelkeit.
Jeder einer werd wie Weitkeit, alle
Menschen sennen Stillkeit,
Un in der Still tut asoi weh . . . Do is stendig
Minche-Zeit.

Tomid beten die wos musen sich verleschen.
Vun dannen giesst sich
Weisser Troier in der Welt punkt wie vun
die erschte Steren.
Un asoi kalt, nischt sicher werd : Wu? Wer?
— Bis Emitz schreibt
Mit golden Kssaw oif groissen Wolken :
Kummt, zu mir wet ihr geheren! — —

hither, weary as the winds at eventide in the fields, and go from here like peasant-songs when the final sheaves already are tied.

Here hearts are bent and droop like days at their setting. Yet the decline is beautiful: they fall in silken dimness. Everyone becomes like distance, each and everyone is stillness and in the stillness there is so much pain. Here is always evening-prayer time.

Those who are destined to be snuffed out always pray. From here white sadness pours into the world even as from the first stars. And it becomes so chilly and insecure: Where? Who? — Until Someone indites in gold script on a high cloud: Come — unto Me you shall belong! — —

FRADEL STOCK

Sonett

Zi soll ich mich verbargen ergitz wu
Un weinen still, dem Kopp arobgeboigen,
Un oiswischen zurick die mide Oigen,
Wos hoben keinmol, keinmol nit kein Ruh —

Un losen wanderen awek mein Blick
Wie bis aher, in groie, groie Weiten,
Un warfen ihm dernoch oif alle Seiten,
In kranker Unruh jogen sich noch Glick —

Zi soll ich mich a Warf tun wild arein
Inmitten Gass mit ongezundene Oigen,
Un brummen wie a Tiegerin vun Pein,

Die duchendige Noslecher zefloigen —
Zi soll ich wu verborgen sein,
Un weinen still, dem Kopp arobgeboigen . . .

SONNET

Shall I conceal myself somewhere and cry inaudibly, with bowed head — and dry again my tired eyes that never, never have any rest —

And let, as heretofore, my glance wander off into gray distances and cast it hither-thither, pursuing fortune in morbid anxiety —

Or shall I cast myself in wild despair into the gutter with flaming eyes and, tigress-like, growl in pain, with nostrils distended in heavy breath —

Or shall I hide myself somewhere and cry inaudibly with bowed head? — — —

J. STODOLSKY

Deine Reid . . .

Deine Reid
Sennen zu mein Harz nit dergangen.
Meine blinde Gefihlen
Hostu gefangen nit genummen.
Wie zwei Fremde —
Nor wos Nohnte —
Sennen mir sich zegangen.
Wie die schpet-nachtige Lamternes,
Asoi umruhig hoben gebrennt
Die Facklen vun meine Verlangen.

Kinder Vun Groissen Umglick . . .

Kinder vun groissen Umglick,
Ziehen mir wie die Schmetterlingen
In die tunkele Wegen
Zum Fajer vun unser Glick.
Wieviel vun uns kehren sich um zurick?
Wie die verbrennte Schmetterlingen
Liegen mir bei die Toieren vun unser Glick.

YOUR TALK . . .

Your talk did not reach my heart. My blind sentiments you did not captivate. Like two strangers we parted, although related but a while ago. Like the lanterns at night, so restlessly have burned the torches of my desires.

CHILDREN OF GREAT DISTRESS

Children of great distress, like butterflies we soar along the dusky roads, impelled towards the flame of our fate. How many of us ever return? — — — Like the singed butterflies we lie at the threshold of our fate.

ABO STOLZENBERG

In Steinerne Allejen . . .

In groisse Stedt, in steinerne Allejen
Blihen mir wie Jasmin, grinen mir wie Mai.
Oif varnachtige Spazieren roischen mir wie Welder
Un s'fallt der Zwit vun uns wie Schnei.

In Necht in ongezoigene wie Wunden
Glihen mir wie Glih-Werem oif'n Feld.
Un mit alle Worzlen sennen mir verbunden
Mit die weitste un tiefste Quallen vun der Welt.

Ch'konn Nischt Englisch . . .

Ch'konn nischt Englisch, nischt Franzoisisch.
Ch'hob an Ekel far die Sprachen.
Gott, ich will verstehn die Sprach vun Sachen.
Ich bet oif Werter oiszudricken jenem Wehtig
Vun Jinglech un vun Mejdlech, wenn sei weren
zeitig;
Vun a Starbendigen wenn die Backen Ziegel weren;
Vun a Verschemten los verstehn die halbe Trehren.

Wos Bin Ich?

A weinendiger Boim,
A Feld, nischt zeackert
A Doren, wos flackert,
A foile Chaje, wos derschpirt ihr Broch,
An Ochs an eingespannter in Gott's Joch.

IN VISTAS OF STONE . . .

In great cities, in vistas of stone we blossom like jasmine, we green like May. On evening walks we rustle like forests, and blossoms fall from us like snow.

In nights, tense like wounds, we glow like glow-worms in the field. And by all our roots we are connected with the farthest and deepest wells of the world.

I KNOW NOT ENGLISH . . .

I know not English nor French. Languages I loathe. — God, I wish to understand the language of things. I pray for words to express the pain of boys and girls when they're growing ripe; the horror of a dying man, when the cheeks are turned to brick; the half-tears of an abashed one make me understand.

WHAT AM I?

A weeping tree, a field untilled, a thorn that flares, a lazy beast perceiving its ill fate, an ox, put into God's yoke.

M. TEITSCH

Is Varan A Stodt . . .

Is varan a Stodt in Lito
Oif der Wiljes stille Bregen —
Wu ich soll mein Oig nit wenden
Kummt sie stendig mir akegen.

Is varan a Gessel dorten,
Un a Haisel steht daneben —
Halbe Johren wolt ich, dacht sich,
Far dem Kind awekgegeben.

Un es woint a Kind in Haisel,
Hob ich lieb es wie mein Leben —
Meine ganze Johren wolt ich
Far dem Kind awekgegeben.

Herbst

Lang obgeblankt hoben in Feld schoin der Sserp un die Kosse,
Die Twujes, sei sennen oif Helft schoin in Scheier.
Oif ledige Bejten wet fallen die silberne Rosse,
Un Schnitterkes wellen nit singen mehr hai-johr.

Un noch a Tog, noch a Tog . . . Wegener lange beroiben
Die Mame, die Erd vun der frih, vun Beginnen —
Un as die Lewone beinacht wet a Kuck tun vun oiben,
Wet sie a verjossemtes Feld schoin gefinnen.

THERE'S A TOWN . . .

There's a town in Lithuania on the shores of the Wilia — whichever way my eyes look, that town meets my gaze.

There's an alley there, and close by, a little house — methinks I would give away half my years for that little house.

And a child lives in the little house, whom I love as my life — all my years I would give away for this child.

F A L L

The sickle and the scythe have flashed in the field long since; half of the crop by now is in the granaries. The silver dew will fall on barren rows and the grain gatherers will sing no more this year.

Another day, another day. . . Long wagons now despoil the mother earth since the early morning hour — and when the moon will scan the field at night from far above — she will already find it in orphaned state.

MIRIAM ULINOWER

Iber Nacht

Wos hot sich dos mit meine Hor gemacht?
Geschehn a Wunder plutzim iber Nacht.

Gewen a Knoil a blonder, schwer un hart —
Un heint mit einmol glanzig, glatt un zart.

Gewen a Plonter, kurz, gedicht un wild —
Un heint zeflossen bis zum Knechel mild.

Un heint wie Gold zeschmolzen un zegliht —
Die Hor, wos hoben oif dein Harz geruht.

OVER NIGHT

What is it, that happened to my hair?
A miracle took place over night.

'Twas a knot, blonde, heavy and hard —
and lo, today it is glittering, smooth and soft.

'Twas a coil, short, tight and wild — and
now it's streaming wildly to my ankle.

And now like melted, glowing gold —
the hair, that has rested on your breast.

M. WARSCHE

Oif Wegen . . .

Ch'bin oif Wegen umgegangen
Un gesucht zu Dir dem Weg,
Hot a Nebel mich gefangen
In die groi bespinnte Teg.
Un mein Harz hot sich gerissen
Zu Dein flammendigen Quall,
Zu der Nacht hot zugeschmiedt mich
Der Lewone's bleicher Strahl.

Gebet

Oif mein oremer Neschome tu derbaremen
sich, Gott!
An Umwirdiger, a Sindiger bet ich Dein Genod.
Vun dem Thoim vun Sind, Verbrechen,
fihr mich, starker Gott, arois.
Der Nit-Guter oif mir loiert — lejs mich vun
ihm ois.
S'walgert sich dos umrein Leib meins in dem
tiefsten Stoib var Dir,
Un still-zitterdig dos Harz meins klappt alz
in Dein Tir.

OVER MANY A PATH . . .

Over many a path I've roved seeking a way toward Thee. Came a mist and enrobed me in the days bespun with gray. And my heart was impelled to Thy scarlet flaming stream — to the night I was enchained by the glimmering beam of the moon.

HAVE MERCY . . .

Have mercy, God, Almighty God, on my poor soul. Thy grace I crave — a sinner and a worthless thrall. From the pit of sin and crime redeem me, mighty Lord. The devil lies in wait for me — release me from his snare. My impure body is prostrate before Thee in the lowest dust, and my faintly trembling heart is knocking at Thy door.

M. WINTSCHEFSKY

Drei Schwester

In England is do a Stodt Leicester,
In London is do asa Square,
In Square stehen teglich drei Schwester —
Die Mejdlech,sei kenn wer-nit-wer.

Die klenste verkoift dorten Blumen,
Die mittelste — Bendlech vun Schich,
Un schpet in der Nacht seht men kummen
Die eltste, wos handelt mit sich.

Die jingere beide betrachten
Die eltere Schwester ohn Hass;
Denn alle drei Mejdlech verachten
Die Welt, mit der Stodt, mit der Gass.

Un doch wenn die kleine zwei kummen
Zum Nest wos sei rufen a "Heim"—
Benetzen sei Bendlech un Blumen
Mit Treren wos bleiben geheim.

THREE SISTERS

In England there is a town called Leicester; in London there is a square by that name; in the square daily stand three sisters — the girls are known to everyone.

The youngest sells flowers, the middle one sells shoe laces, and late at night comes the eldest, who sells herself.

Both the younger ones look at the eldest without hate, for all the three girls despise the world and the town and the street.

And yet when the two young ones come to the nest they call a home — they moisten strings and flowers with tears that remain hidden.

M. WIRTH

Mirele

Der Kremerke's Dwoirele's Techterel heisst
Schejn Mirele, Mirele!
Un Dwoirele sogt, as ihr einzige Treist
Is Mirele, Mirele.
Die Sunn scheint bei Tog, die Lewone bei Nacht,
Un Mirele steht bei dem Fenster un lacht . . .
Lach, Mirele, Mirele!

Dos Mirele is chejnewdig, zuckerdig schejn,
Dos Mirele, Mirele!
Sie hot weisse Hentelech, weissenke Zejn —
Ach, Mirele, Mirele!
Die Jingelech weren far Benkschaft azsh blass —
Nor Mirele's Herzel is kelter vun Eis . . .
Ei, Mirele, Mirele!

Var Mirele's Fensterlech drehn sich arum
Seht Mirele, Mirele
Die feinste Bochurimlech schweigendig stumm . . .
Hm . . . Mirele, Mirele . . .
Die Sunn scheint bei Tog, die Lewone bei Nacht,
Un Mirele steht bei dem Fenster un lacht . . .
Ei, Mirele, Mirele!

Es flihen nor Sifzen zum Himmel aroif — — —
Ach, Mirele, Mirele!
Es nemmt nischt kein Essen, es nemmt nischt
kein Schlof —

MIRELE

The store-keeper, Dwoirele's, daughter is called beautiful Mirele, Mirele! And Dwoirele says that her only solace is Mirele, Mirele. The sun shines by day, the moon shines by night, and Mirele stands by the window and laughs. . . Laugh, Mirele, Mirele!

This Mirele is graceful, sweetly beautiful, this Mirele, Mirele! She has white little arms, small white teeth — ah, Mirele, Mirele! The youths are ashen-pale with longing — but Mirele's little heart is more frigid than ice — — Oh, Mirele, Mirele!

Under Mirele's windows wandering about — she sees the finest young fellows, mute and silent. . . Hm. . . Mirele, Mirele. . . The sun shines by day, the moon shines by night, and Mirele stands by the window and laughs. . . Oh, Mirele, Mirele. . .

The sighs are flying up to heaven — — — Oh, Mirele, Mirele! One cannot eat, one cannot sleep — Oh, Mirele, Mirele! The

Oi, Mirele, Mirele!
Es platzen die Herzer var Wehtug un Schmarz,
Nor keiner konn rihren s'ferfroirene Harz
Vun Mirele, Mirele . . .

Die Johren wie Wasseren schwimmen awek,
Seh, Mirele, Mirele!
Es hot schoin dein Schejnkeit genummen an Eck . . .
Oi, Mirele, Mirele!
Schoin finster dein Ponim, geboigen dein Kopp,
Un roitlich die Oigen, un groi schoin der Zopp . . .
Groi! Mirele . . . Mirele . . .

Es leichten die Steren, die Lewone bei Nacht
Oif Mirele, Mirele.
Sie steht bei dem Fenster verumert, vertracht —
Oi, Mirele, Mirele!
Es schwimmen die Wolken ahin un aher,
Vun Mirele's Eigelech kapet a Trer . . .
Wein, Mirele, Mirele . . .

hearts are bursting with ache and pain, but no one can move the frozen heart of Mirele, Mirele!

The years flow by like waters, see, Mirele, Mirele! Your beauty has come to an end, oh, Mirele, Mirele! Your face is haggard, your head is bowed, your eyes are red-rimmed and your head is already greying. Greying, Mirele, Mirele!

The stars are twinkling, the moon nightly shines on Mirele, Mirele! She stands by the window saddened, and musing. — O, Mirele, Mirele! The clouds are wafted to and fro, a tear falls from Mirele's eyes, . . . Weep, Mirele, Mirele. . . .

YEHOIOSH

Volks-Motiv

Mamenju meine, Mamenju Harz,
Bind ob vun mein Hals die Korellen —
Der Kaiser wet kummen zu fohren aher
Un ch'wel ihm cholile gefellen!

— Tochterel mein, Tochterel Gold,
Dein Herzele soll sich nischt plogen;
Ich will nischt der Kaiser soll hoben dich holt.
Un du west kein Zierung nit trogen.

Mamenju meine, Mamenju Harz,
Mein Zopp tu mir miess verkemmen —
Der Kaiser wet kummen zu fohren aher,
Un schicken Stafeten mich nemmen.

— Tochterel mein, Tochterel Gold,
Er wet kein Staften nit schicken;
Ich will nit der Kaiser soll hoben dich holt,
Un knip dir a Kolten a dicken.

Mamenju meine, Mamenju Harz,
Mein weisse Gesicht tu verschmieren —
Der Kaiser wet kummen zu fohren aher,
Un wet in sein Palatz mich fihren.

— Tochterel mein, Tochterel Gold,
Hob nor nit kein Moire in Harzen;
Ich will nit der Kaiser soll hoben dich holt,
Un wel dich mit Sazshe verschwarzen.

FOLK MOTIF

Mother mine, mother, dear heart, untie from my neck the beads; the king will come hither on his way and I may please him.

— Daughter mine, daughter, my gold, let not your heart be fretted; I do not wish the king to like you and you shall not wear any jewels.

Mother mine, mother, dear heart, make me an ugly braid; the king will come hither on his way and he may send messengers to take me along.

— Daughter mine, daughter, my gold, he will not send any messengers; I do not wish the king to like you, and I comb you an ugly knot.

Mother mine, mother, dear heart, darken my white face; the king will come hither on his way and will bring me into his palace.

— Daughter mine, daughter, my gold, have no fear in your heart; I do not wish the king to like you, and I'll darken your face with soot.

Mamenju meine, Mamenju Harz,
Ch'mus bittere Treren vergiessen —
Der Kaiser wet kummen zu fohren aher,
Wie konn ich die Oigen verschliessen?

— Tochterel mein, Tochterel Gold,
Antloif wie a Feil vunem Boigen!
Ch'hob Moire der Kaiser wet kriegen dich holt,
Wenn er wet nor sehn deine Oigen . . .

Yang-Se-Fu

Die Malke Yang-Se-Fu
Hot sibezig Palatzen,
Hundert Kammeren a Palatz,
Hundert Fenster in a Kammer,
Schomrim starke, Schklafen-Riesen,
Schwere Panzers, hoiche Spiesen —
Lacht in Spiegel Yang-Se-Fu:
Wer noch asoi grois wie du?

Die Malke Yang-Se-Fu
Geht bei Nacht zum weissen Fluss,
Werd sie klener vun a Nuss,
Reisst sie ob a Blettel grin
Oif zu schiffen sich darin,
Nemmt sie Fedem zwei vun Gros,
Hot sie Ruders loit ihr Moss —
Lacht in Wasser Yang-Se-Fu:
Wer noch asoi klein wie du?

Mother mine, mother, dear heart, I must shed bitter tears; the king will come hither on his way — how can I close my eyes?

— Daughter mine, daughter, my gold, flee like an arrow from the bow! I fear the king will like you too much if only he sees your eyes.

YANG-SE-FU

The queen Yang-Se-Fu has seventy palaces — a hundred chambers to a palace, a hundred windows to a chamber, mighty guards, giant slaves, heavy breastplates and tall spears. In the mirror laughs Yang-Se-Fu: Who else as great as you?

The queen Yang-Se-Fu comes at night to the white stream, turns smaller than a nut, tears off a green leaf to sail upon — she picks two fibres of a grass blade: now she has two oars to suit her — — In the water laughs Yang-Se-Fu: Who else as small as you?

An Alt Lied

Ot asoi is in Japan
Ergitz wu a Lied varan.

Sogt a Kriegsmann zu dem Schmied:
Meister mir a Schwert geniet.
Mach die Kling
Wie a Wind oif Wasser gring,
Mach sie lang
Wie in Feld a reife Sang,
Flink un boigig wie a Schlang ,
Vull mit Blitzen, toisend-oigig,
Glatt wie Seid-Gewand, un dinn
Wie der Fodem vun a Spinn,
Un kalt un umderbaremdig wie Pein . . .

„Un oif'n Hentel wos soll sein?"

Oif'n Hentel, guter Mann —
Sogt der Kriegsmann vun Japan —
Kritz mir ois
A Sstade Schof, a Teich wos rinnt,
A Karschenboim, derbei a Hois,
Un a Weib wos soigt a Kind . . .

Ot asoi is in Japan
Ergitz wu a Lied varan.

Oif'n Jam

Oif'n Jam geht um an Ind —
In dem breiten Jam, mein Kind,
Wer wet die Ind derkonnen?

A SONG OF OLD

There is such a song somewhere in Japan:

Says a warrior to the smith: Forge me skillfully a sword. Make the blade light as a zephyr upon the water, make it as long as a ripe ear of corn in the field, quick and flexible as a snake, full of flashes, as of a thosuand eyes, smooth as silk, and fine as the thread of a spider's web, and cold and pitiless as pain. . .

—And what shall there be on the hilt?

On the hilt, my good man — says the warrior of Japan — engrave for me a herd of sheep, a flowing stream, a cherry tree, a house close by, and a woman nursing a child.

Such a song there is somewhere in Japan.

ON THE SEA

A wave is billowing on the sea. In the open sea, my child, who will recognize the wave?

Oif'n Jam vun eibig on
Alle Rege werd a Trohn,
Kummt zu gehn a Sturemwind
Un kinigt ein Minut, mein Kind —
Wer wet dem Wind dermonen?

Angelus

In Winkel Himmel zankt a letzter roiter Fleck,
Vun toisend Lecher kriecht die Nacht sich
oiszuschpreiten,
Die Lonkes gliweren in groier, stummer Schreck,
Un in die Schotens tuljet sich ein Gros zum
zweiten . . .

Un horch — a klorer Glockenklang vun weiten
spalt
Die groie Ruhigkeit wos fallt oif Feld un Wald . . .
Vun Himmel niedert still a weisse Toib arob,
Un trogt a Benschung un a ssoidesvulle Gob . . .
Es worket in der Luft a zertliche Genod,
Un vull mit Liebschaft hoicht zu mir a fremder
Gott . . .

Kling-klang, kling-klang . . . Un durschtig
trinkt mein Harz arein
Die stille Trejsstung vun a Gott wos is nit mein . . .

On the sea for aeons and aeons every second rears a throne, comes a tempest and reigns for a moment, my child . . . Who'll remember then that wind?

ANGELUS

In a corner of the sky a last red spot is dying; spreading out of a thousand lairs the night comes creeping; the meadows are stricken with gray, mute fear and in the shadows grass clings to grass.

And hark — a clear chime from afar cleaves the grey calm that lies on field and forest; from the skies a white dove quietly descends and bears a blessing and a mysterious gift. A tender grace is cooing in the air, and lovingly a strange God is breathing up to me.

Ding-dong, ding-dong . . And my thirsty heart drinks the quiet consolation of a God that is not mine.

NOCHUM YOOD

Mit Allemen

Geh ich zu der Nacht durch loitere Frihmorgens
Un durch scheinendige sunn-bespinnte Teg;
Nor ich hob mit sich a ganzen Dor Begleiter,
Geh ich . . . Nit ich amper sich un nit ich freg.

Tret ich mir vorois, behaltendig dem Pached,
Wie Soldaten oif a wacklendiger Brick,
Einer, elend, Trot in Trot mit Legionen —
Un mein Schreck derkenn ich in a Zweitens Blick.

Wie Die Oigen Vun Welf . . .

Wie die Oigen vun Welf
Beidernacht oif a Weg —
Asoi leichten var mir
Meine eigene Teg.

Mit a Schein vun der Weit
Kummen um, kummen um
Meine elende Teg
In dem Schnej-Feld arum.

Wie die Oigen vun Welf
Beidernacht in a Wald —
Git a Blitz mir mein Welt
Asoi scheinendig, kalt.

WITH ALL

I'm going towards the night through bright mornings and sunny days; but with me there is a whole generation of companions. So I proceed — without question or restraint.

Forward I go, concealing my fear, as soldiers do on a trembling bridge; lonesome, lost, though marching together with legions — and in another's gaze I recognize my fear.

LIKE THE EYES OF WOLVES . . .

Like the eyes of wolves at night on a road, so my own days are glimmering before me.

Glimmering from afar my lonely days approach me in the wide snowy field.

Like the eyes of wolves in a forest at night my world sparkles before me so shining, so cold.

Wieg-Lied

Schlof, mein Kind, still schlof ein,
Tir un Toier oif'n Riegel;
Bei dein Wieg
Steht dos Glick,
Focht mit weisse Fliegel.

Schlof, mein Kind, west verstehn
Wenn du west nor elter weren,
As dos Glick
Bei dein Wieg
Hot vergossen Treren . . .

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, my child, softly fall asleep, door and gate are bolted; by your cradle Good Fortune stands fanning with white wings.

Sleep, my child, you will understand when you grow older that Good Fortune was shedding tears at your cradle.

AHRON ZEITLIN

Ode Zu Der Freiheit

Ch'hob nischt derfar dich lieb weil ch'lieb
die Guillotine,
Un nischt derfar weil schinden willt sich mir
die Schinder,
Un nischt derfar weil ch'hob — wie deine Kinder —
Gelerent kritzen welfisch mit'n Zohn.
Nein, seier schwarzer Zoren, seier roite Fohn,
Die wut-gekrimmte Zejn vun seier Kineh
Oif all dos nischt-hamoinische gescharft —
Dos allz is mir verhasst vun tomid on,
Un gicher wollt dos, Kenigin, gedarft
Nischt Liebe wecken zu dein Kroin nor Ssinne.

Nischt lieb is mir dein Pebels wild Gelechter,
Sein Willen is mir fremd der nischt gerechter,
A Willen wos bedarf nischt kein Beweisen,
Un wos verknasst Gerechtigkeit mit Eisen.

Mein Harz is nischt mit die, wos brengen dir
zu schleppen
Die blutendige Kepp vun deine Unterdricker;
S'bewundert nischt mein Geist dem Kamf
vun Sankiloten,
Wos Hunger macht sei heldisch un die Ssinne
schicker :
Sei willen dich allein vun deinetwegen keppen!

ODE TO LIBERTY

I love you not because I love the guillotine, and not because I wish to flay the flayers, and not because I have learned to gnash my teeth wolf-like even as your progeny. No, their black rage, their red flag, their envy's fangs crooked with venom, whetted against all that is not part of the mob — all this has always been hateful to me, and should, oh, Queen, have provoked not love, but rather enmity towards your crown.

I do not like your rabble's wild shouts of laughter and strange to me is its unjust demand — a demand that needs no justification nd that weds Right unto Iron.

My heart is not with those who drag before you the bleeding heads of your oppressors; my spirit does not admire the struggle of the sans-cullottes whom hunger transforms into heroes and hatred makes drunk. They will yet behead you for your own sake!

Mein Harz is nischt mit die, wos boien Barrikaden,
Wos in dein hoichen Nomen zinden sei un brennen;
Un nischt mit kein Tribunen welche kennen
Asoi geschickt zunoiflegen Tiraden,
As Blut soll vergelusten sich — un schoin
Soll Taljen-Kleider ontun der Hamoin,
Un schneiden soll er Kepp vun Suwerenen,
Un weren soll zeklappt vun ihm, zeschmettert,
Wos er, der Schklaf hot erscht allein vergettert
Un tief dafar gebuckt sich : seier Kroin!

Oich nischt derfar, o Freiheit, is mir teier
Dein Gasten zwischen uns, weil dir zu Steier
Git der Hamoin sein Stuben-Glick awek,
Un boit Altaren far dem Glick vun Klal!
Ich weiss : oif morgen is er greit verhandlen
Dein Kopp dem Ssoten, un is greit verwandlen
Dein Hoichkeit in a Tol vun toiter Schreck,
Dein weissen Tempel in a roiten Stall.

Nor teier bistu, Freiheit, mir derfar,
Weil s'kuckt arois Gott's Malchus durch die Roichen
Wos gehen vun dein blutigen Altar!
Derfar bistu mir teier, weil es macht
Dein Dunner nohnt zum Himmel uns dem hoichen,
Un weil s'dergehen Herzer, as es wacht
A Beiter vun die Zeiten, wos Sein Beiten
Fihrt gott-aroif dem Menschen dem beneiten,
Un as dort oiben werd vun uns geklert,
As nischt vergessen hot men on der Erd
Wie on a Troim a bejsen un a weiten.

My heart is not with those who build barricades, who kindle and burn things in your exalted name; nor with the Tribunes who compose tirades so skillfully that they incite a craving for blood — and already the mob is dressed in the hangman's garb, and is cutting off heads of sovereigns, breaking and destroying that which he, the slave, a while ago idolized, and bowed reverently before: their crown!

Neither for this reason, O Liberty, is your abiding among us dear to me, that the rabble renounces the happiness of the home and rears altars for the common weal. I know: to-morrow the mob will be ready to sell your head unto Satan, and to transform your heights into a valley of deathly terrors, your white temple into a red stable.

But for this you are dear to me, O Liberty, because God's Kingdom is visible through all the smoke that rises from your bloody altars! You are dear to me because your thunder brings us near to sublime heaven and because many a heart becomes aware that a Changer of the times holds His vigil, whose changing leads God-wards the recreated man, and that there above we are thought of—that the earth has not been forgotten like an evil and distant dream.

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